

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF  
POLITICS, SCIENCE,  
ART AND LITERATURE



VOL. XXI

MAY, 1903, TO OCTOBER, 1903, INCLUSIVE



TORONTO  
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED  
1903 C.

JUN 12 1961

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FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS

## THE KING AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI

TORONTO, MAY, 1903

No. 1

## A SHANGHAI SEASON

WITH AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

*By Helen F. M. Lewis*

**T**HE great charm of Shanghai lies in the constant sudden transition from Europe to China and back again.

From the narrow, picturesque shopping streets, with curious signs and carvings of quaint device, and their men and women in costumes of varied hue, it is but a step or two and you are in England, France or America, as the case may be. Each has her Colony, and in each the customs of the country are distinctly apparent. England and things English, however, have the predominance.

My first impressions of Shanghai were obtained, as those of most people, from the comfortable seat of a locally built carriage.

The hire of a smart victoria, a rubber-tired brougham, two ponies—to allow of frequent changing—two “mafoos” in flowing gaily-trimmed gowns and capes, red-tasselled headgear and streaming pigtails, amounts to only thirty dollars per month. The natural consequence is that Europeans seldom walk.

Driving on Bubbling Well Road in the afternoon, especially on Hunt days, and seeing the great number of well-dressed women, hand-

some men and fine horses, it is difficult to believe oneself out of England.

The connecting link, about a mile long, between the fashionable Bubbling Well Road and the Bund or river front, is Nankin Road, or, as it is generally called, the “Maloo.” This is lined most of the distance with native shops which gradually give place to some very handsome European ones, ending at Shanghai’s greatest glory, her Bund. Handsome clubs, banks, honges and residences embellish one side, whilst between it and the river lies a beautiful stretch of green sward and shade trees.



SHANGHAI—THE AUTHOR AS SHE APPEARED AT THE  
POUDRÉ BALL IN HONOUR OF PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA



SHANGHAI—THE ARISTOCRATIC CHINESE SHOPPING STREET

Every newly arrived English man or woman stops before entering the Public Gardens to examine reverently the plain stone monument to "Chinese Gordon and his Ever-victorious Army." Near it is the memorial to "Illis," the German warship which went down in the China seas with the crew mustered singing "Mein Vaterland." The Gardens are beautifully kept. It is here during the summer that the band—all Filipinos—play every afternoon, whilst the citizens in airiest of costumes seek relief from the heat of the city amidst the semi-tropical foliage, plashing fountains and possible zephyrs from the river Whangpoo flowing sluggishly by. The river life is always attractive. There is such a strange medley of stately white warships, gaily painted, flag-bedecked native houseboats (from which float sounds of falsetto singing to one-stringed

violins), and numbers of quick-moving little steam launches, everlastingly tooting to the scores of "slipper" sampans or unwieldy junks to keep clear.

Of Chinese festivals, with their accompanying strange processions to interest the visitor, there is no lack. The one of all others is, however, the spring procession preceded by the Great Dragon, with its very appalling head and body several hundred feet long.

The Sikhs and Chinese police maintain splendid order, and, when not too busy, punish immediately any offence against the rules of the road. The offender, instead of endeavouring to get away, stops and awaits his punishment rather than be summoned to the police court.

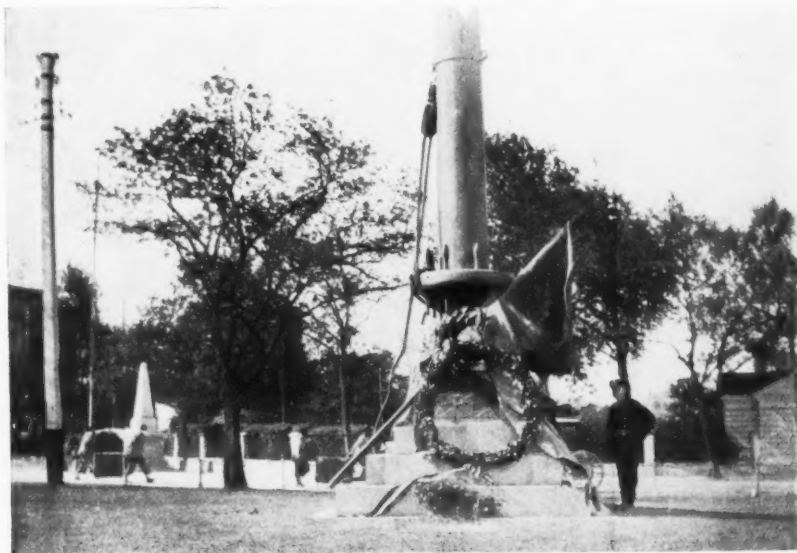
Outside the Chinese Assembly Hall and Gardens, on the Bubbling Well Road, during a fine afternoon, hundreds of carriages may be seen. A



SHANGHAI—CHINESE GILDED YOUTH UP-TO-DATE

palanquin is now an event, the brougham and victoria having completely taken its place. Many a sleek-looking old Chinaman lolling back amongst the cushions of as fine a barouche as one might see in the Bois de Boulogne, complacently smoking a huge Manila cigar, is known only as the "compradore" or go-between of some English firm. The records of the Consular office show, however, that he is really the owner, the English hong or busi-

ing of ducks and geese loaded on flat baskets hung on the end of a pole, and the grunting of pigs tied on wheelbarrows, on their way from the river boats to the market-place. A little after eight o'clock, the scores of sallow, dwarfish Eurasian clerks go by in their 'rickshas. Next follows Sir Robert Hart's army, the officers of the Imperial Chinese Customs, on bicycles and in carriages, and the other foreigners who do not reside



SHANGHAI PUBLIC GARDENS—IN FOREGROUND BRONZE MONUMENT TO GERMAN WARSHIP ILTIS. IN DISTANCE TO LEFT, MONUMENT TO CHINESE GORDON

ness name being a protection to him from the "squeezing" of the local mandarins, as well as assistance otherwise. Formerly the younger men rode shaggy native ponies with gorgeous trappings. The same class, gaily dressed as ever, if not driving a dog-cart now ride bicycles, pigtail in pocket, at a rapid rate and with perfect ease.

There is much to interest one in the Shanghai daily life. The first sound to be heard on the Bund in the early morning, is the quacking and squawk-

within the sacred and would-be-select neighbourhood of the Bubbling Well Road.

As one walks back towards the heart of the town, the last business signs are being hung out, oblong black boards with gold lettering, the hong name in Chinese. This may not sound at all like the English name, being made up from some peculiarity of the firm's business with a "good luck" character or so added. Permanent signs are not "proper fashion."



RACE COURSE AND BUBBLING WELL ROAD

About ten o'clock, twenty to forty carriages may be seen in front of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. A few minutes after, the owners (all brokers) rush out with the Exchange rate and London quotations, step into their low-built victorias which are off before they are all well seated, and dash away in every direction. Until 11.30 they are driven

riages, containing ladies, begin to drive up to the banks to call for the husbands, until by 4 o'clock there is a continuous stream going and returning, and by about 4.30 the offices are emptied of all but Eurasians, who, cigarette in mouth, soon also step into their 'rickshas and are off. Social life in Shanghai, like



SHANGHAI—CHINESE GENTLEMEN IN THEIR CLUB PARK



SHANGHAI—SIKH POLICEMAN

and other conveyances.

The Club entrance, its hallway and adjoining room, with its fifty-foot bar, resemble a miniature Liverpool Exchange. By 12.30 they have all dispersed. Between 12 and 2 o'clock no self-respecting clerk is to be found in any office; the most ignorant of the Chinese help being left in charge, as a lesson to any visitor not to call again at tiffin time.

About three, the first carriages, containing ladies, begin to drive up to the banks to call for the husbands, until by 4 o'clock there is a continuous stream going and returning, and by about 4.30 the offices are emptied of all but Eurasians, who, cigarette in mouth, soon also step into their 'rickshas and are off.

Social life in Shanghai, like





SHANGHAI—THE RACE CLUB

sets. There is the German set and the French set. Then there is the large Customs society, which includes the greater number of dwellers at Hong Kew (over the river), where also reside a great number of Americans. Par excellence, there is the English society, its members being chiefly residents of Bubbling Well Road and vicinity. Only a few times a year, at some specially large entertainment, do these different coteries come into contact.

There is yet another—and not by any means the least interesting circle—and that is the Missionary society, which comprises many most charming people.

Entertaining, as it is done on Bubbling Well Road, is on a rather extravagant scale. The Chinese make splendid cooks, and as the Shanghai market is unrivalled anywhere for variety, the menus at luncheons and dinners are remarkably varied and elaborate. At both, a great deal of wine

is consumed. The menus for suppers are hardly as good, as sweets are certainly not the strong point of the Chinese cook, nor of the English hostess herself, for that matter.

There are a great many luncheons (or tiffins) given, to all of which men are invited. Indeed, at both tiffins and dinners the sterner sex are usually in the majority. The hour for tiffin is

twelve or half-past, for tea four and for dinner eight o'clock. Theatrical performances and concerts do not com-



SHANGHAI—THE ASTOR HOUSE





SHANGHAI—DURING RACE WEEK, BUBBLING WELL ROAD NEAR THE RACE TRACK IS LINED WITH HUNDREDS OF WELL-APPOINTED BROUGHAMS AND VICTORIAS

mence until nine or after. Matinees are at 5 p.m. and evening service at the cathedral at 5.30.

The first ball we attended in Shanghai was one of the prettiest I have ever been to. It was given by the "Mih-Ho-Loongs"—the Hook-and-Ladder Company of the Shanghai Volunteer Fire Brigade. "Say the word and down comes your house" is their motto, and at their annual ball they dance in their uniforms of scarlet and black, girt with leather. It is always considered one of the best balls of the season and usually takes place at the Shanghai Club. This year, however, it was at the Astor Assembly Hall, the whole of the old Astor House being thrown open and transformed for the occasion. The "Mih-Ho-Loongs" certainly spared no trouble or expense in the decorations and the ball-room presented a most brilliant appearance, its walls profusely ornamented with lances, trophies of arms, colours and foliage. The gardens and verandahs were transformed into tropical sitting-out rooms.

At nine o'clock the string of carriages reached all the way from the Astor House across the Garden Bridge and up

the Bund for over a quarter of a mile.

As each lady emerged from the dressing-room, she was greeted by a Mih-Ho-Loong and by him escorted up the long corridor—lined on either side with volunteers and firemen—to the ball-room, where he handed her over to her husband or chaperon. More than three-quarters of the men present were in uniforms, which added not a little to the brilliancy of the scene. There was an old Russian General with his staff, the Light Horse Infantry in Guards colours, scarlet-coated volunteers and Mih-Ho-Loongs, and blue-coated naval officers. The women were, as a rule, smartly dressed and many of them very pretty. There were several other Canadians present; one of the most popular women, the wife of an equally popular officer, hails from Hamilton.

Another dance, well worthy of a short description, was given at the Country Club. This Club is one of Shanghai's pleasantest features. It is a large square building of yellow cement with white facings and pillared portico, and stands in the midst of extensive grounds just off the Bubbling Well Road. The membership, which is



SHANGHAI—CHINESE LADIES WATCHING THE RACES

not large, includes women as well as men, and it makes a delightful place, to drive to for tiffin or tea. In winter the reading rooms are much frequented. In summer they are deserted for the adjoining tennis and croquet lawns and golf links. The Club gives a series of winter dances, each member having the privilege of inviting one other person. The ballroom is large and pretty, the floor splendid, and there are numerous cosy sitting-out rooms. At the dance I speak of the officers and middies of H.M.S. *Bonaventure* and other warships then in the harbour, were present in large numbers.

In April occurred the most notable event of the whole season, the fête given at the Club Concordia—the headquarters of the Germans in Shanghai—in honour of Prince Henry of Prussia and the Princess Irene. Everyone went in fancy costume or poudré. The three largest rooms were arranged by means of decorations and painted scenery to represent Germany, Switzerland and Italy. The music, refreshments, dancing and the costumes of those in attendance all

being in keeping with the country it was desired to portray. The whole fête, the Princess remarked, was one of the most charmingly conceived and successful she had ever witnessed.

There is a great deal of both musical and dramatic talent. The Dramatic Club is specially noted for the best amateur performances east of the Suez Canal. In January they had several entertainments. One commenced with Jerome K. Jerome's "Sunset," and concluded with Balfé's operetta of the "Sleeping Queen;" followed a few days afterwards by a parody entitled the "Sweeping Clean." Then came a French comedy entitled "La Fille a Cacolet," and last, the greatest success of all, "David Garrick," the title role being taken by a very versatile and popular Canadian.

The greatest social event of the whole year is the Spring Races, taking place about the first of May. They mark the close of the winter and the approach of the much-dreaded summer. Several months before the event every morning from five-thirty to seven-thirty the race course is the meeting-place

of the owners of ponies—including almost as many women as men—and their friends. There is accommodation adjoining the course for several hundred ponies, as besides those locally owned there are some from all the outports between Hong Kong and Tien Tsin. Nine-tenths of the ponies raced are bred north of Pekin, and are known as "Griffins" until after their first race. It would be as difficult to find anyone who is not interested in some way in the events as it would be to find a bank clerk who did not own, if not all, at least a quarter share in one of the uncertain tempered, tough little shaggy Tartar-bred racers.

The end of April sees every incoming coast steamer crowded with visitors from all parts of China, coming to spend their yearly holiday amidst the whirl of the pleasures and excitement of Shanghai Race Week. Right royally are they welcomed, having free admittance not only to the racecourse but to the fine Club House, and the numerous private tents at which luncheons and afternoon teas are served. All races are ridden by amateurs, and it is the privilege of the wife, or possibly the future one, to lead the winner up to the judge and past the cheering of the grand stand.

No Chinamen, excepting grooms, are admitted within the grounds. So great, however, is the interest taken in the events, that thousands of the well-to-do come to the city to avail themselves of the privilege open to all, of looking over the low open fence which surrounds the course.

For two, perhaps three days, the Shanghai leaders of fashion have dazzled their outport sisters with their London and Paris millinery, and so, having created enough heart-burning, are free before the last days of the races to go on board their comfortable house-boats, ready provisioned and awaiting them. It was a beautiful moonlight evening that the *Kathleen*, on whose deck we were seated, took her place amongst half-a-dozen others in the tow of a little puffing tug bound up the Soochow Creek to the shooting to be had amongst the hills and lakes at its source.

Long after the sounds of laughter, songs and banjo had died away, we sat and talked of the Shanghai season just over, conversing as those who have said good-bye to a friend about whom fond memories linger, and whom one hardly hopes to see ever again.

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## TWILIGHT DREAMS

LO, when Orion slowly sinks to rest  
On the horizon's distant crimson crest;  
When stately shades in silence softly spread  
Above the earth; when elves and goblins tread  
Their mystic measures in a weird light;  
When Luna rises guard upon the night,  
The sacred shadow of departed love,  
In tragic sweetness wafted from above,  
With joy again transports a weary soul,  
That naught of earth can ever more make whole.  
Once more comes Life's unmeasurable bliss,  
The plighted faith; again that virgin kiss.  
A height, a depth of rapture never told  
The hazy hours at eventide unfold.

P. Johnson

## TREE-PLANTING ON THE PLAINS

*By James Johnson*



REE-PLANTING on the plains of Western Canada was systematically undertaken in 1901 under a plan worked out by Mr. E. Stewart, Superintendent of Forestry. Forty-four settlers with suitable soil on their farms, prepared the ground and planted 58,800 trees. In 1902, greater preparations having been made, 415 settlers were furnished with 468,000 trees. This spring there will be nearly double the number of settlers furnished with seedlings and double the number of trees to be planted. Over 75 per cent. of the trees planted so far are doing well, and there is every indication that the West may some day be supplied with forests of a protective character, perhaps with an income-producing value.

These trees are secured from the Experimental Farms at Brandon and Indian Head. For the spring planting of 1903, Brandon has supplied:—

Manitoba maples.....	382,000
Green ash.....	40,000
American elm.....	7,000
	<hr/>
	429,000

Those supplied by Indian Head are as follows:—

Manitoba maples.....	300,000
Green ash.....	100,000
American elm.....	40,000
	<hr/>
	440,000

In addition there will be distributed this year about 150,000 maples and Russian poplars, grown at Virden, Man. Thus there will be planted during 1903, nearly one million trees.

Before a farmer is supplied with trees, his ground must be examined by an expert to see if it be suitable. He must also agree to keep it properly

cultivated. The distribution is not confined to one locality or district. The farms chosen are in all parts of the plains region from the Red River to the foothills of the Rockies. As the Superintendent says, "The plantations being thus distributed, object lessons will be afforded to the settlers throughout the whole country, and one of the main objects aimed at, namely, the education of the people of the West in forest cultivation, will be attained."

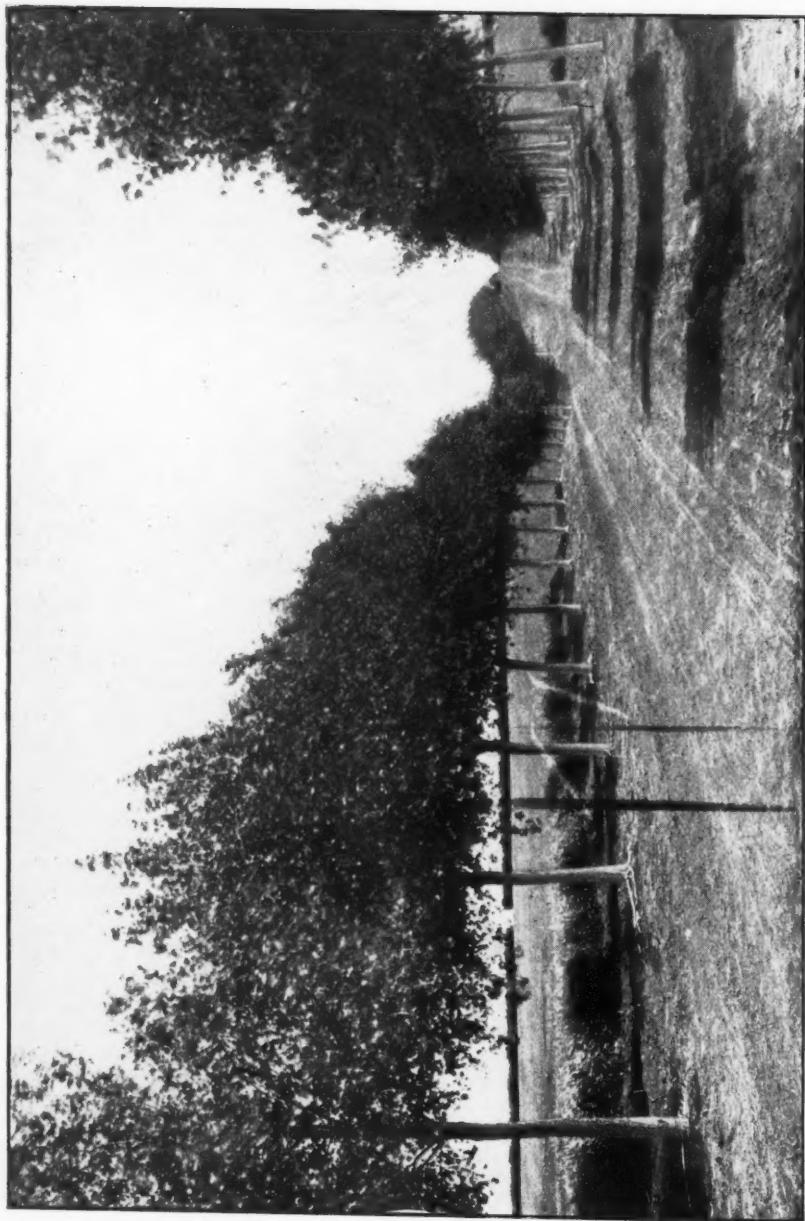
The Superintendent gives the following estimate of the trees left growing at the Experimental Farms which, though too small for 1903, will be available for distribution next year:—

Manitoba maple.....	180,000
Green ash.....	395,000
American elm.....	45,000
Scotch pine, one year old ...	25,000
European larch, one year old	18,000
White spruce, one year old..	5,000
Native birch, one year old...	500

Total..... 668,500

This good enterprise is directed from Ottawa, but there are three Government agents who devote their whole time to the work, including Norman M. Ross, Assistant Superintendent of Forestry. Some quotations from the latter's report of his portion of the work during 1902, throw more light on the methods pursued:—

"This spring 91 applicants (in my district) were supplied with trees from Indian Head, the total number of seedlings and cuttings sent out being 106,000, consisting of 33,256 maples, 53,648 cottonwoods, 2,000 elm and 17,096 willow cuttings. Together with 318 pounds of maple and 200 pounds of ash seed this amount of stock would be sufficient to plant up about 45 acres of land. The season has been an especially favourable one for tree-plant-



AVENUE OF COTTONWOODS, EIGHT YEARS OLD, ON EXPERIMENTAL FARM AT INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.



ing, and I may safely say that at least 99 per cent. of the total number of seedlings set out are living and have made good growth up to the present time. Most of those receiving trees were at the same time supplied with a few pounds of maple and ash seed, which in most cases have been well sown, resulting in good crops of seedlings which will be used for filling up blanks in the plantations, and also for further planting.

"Without exception all seedlings set out this spring have been well planted and cared for so far as I have at present had an opportunity of inspecting them. In a very few cases planting has not been carried out according to plans furnished, with the result that the trees have been mixed in such a manner that the plantations will not grow to best advantage, although this may not be at present apparent to those who are not acquainted with the habits of growth of the various trees. On the whole, however, instructions have been followed out as closely as circumstances per-

mitted, and the results of the first season's work are certainly very encouraging.

"The maple and elm seedlings used in distribution were all raised on the Indian Head farm, and the willow cuttings were also taken from stock growing there. The Dakota cottonwoods were obtained from Bismarck, in North Dakota, near which place they grow in immense numbers in the sand bars along the Missouri River. These seedlings were pulled and delivered at Brandon and Indian Head late in the fall and were immediately buried. This tree will evidently stand a great amount of rough usage, as those delivered at Indian Head arrived exactly one month from date of shipment. There was practically no packing amongst them, and the bundles were frozen solid, and at the time they were buried the temperature was below zero. However, they did not seem to be at all affected by these conditions. Several hundred were planted in the nursery here this spring, and at least 95 per cent. grew."

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

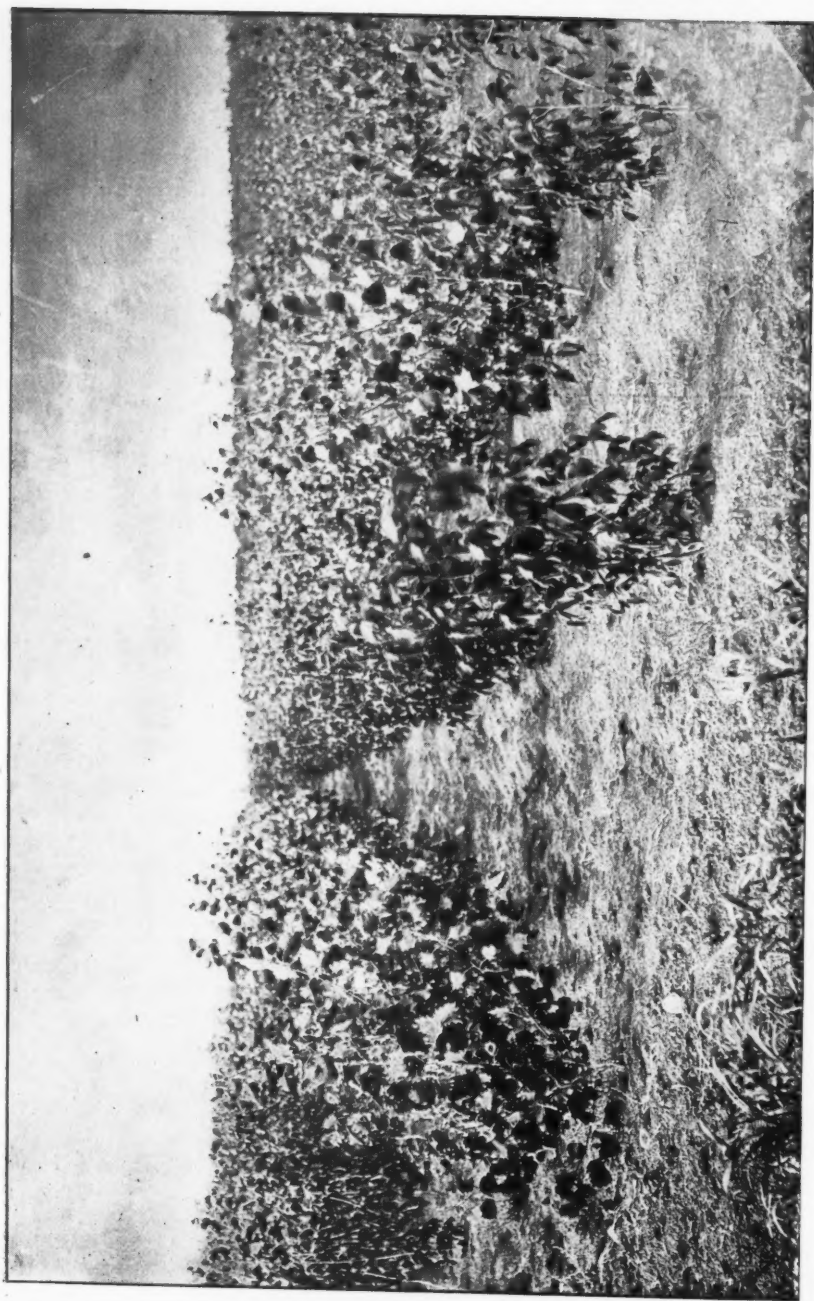
XLIII.—CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS



CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS is a part of the American invasion. An old railway man said to me the other day, in talking of the remarkable fact that Australia had come to Canada for a manager for its national system of railways:—"American railroading is the best railroading in the world. Ours, of course, is American railroading. Out in Australia they have the English system; but they wanted a man who knew the American. They could not go to the States for one very well, being a British Government; so they came to Canada." And, by the way, they are carrying away

one of our best in the person of Mr. Tait.

Now the Grand Trunk Railway was not an entirely American railway until Charles M. Hays took his place in the General Manager's office. The rolling stock was American enough, but there was an English flavour about the management. Undoubtedly, there are things to be said in favour of the English method of doing business, especially when the business in question is to be done by Englishmen for Englishmen in England. It costs far less in vital force than the American method. It means longer life and wider interests. But, according to the relentless



PLANTATION SET OUT ON FARM OF G. AND B. SPRING-RICE, PENSE, ASSA.  
Under co-operative system in Spring of 1901. Photo taken August, 1902. The trees are Dakota Cottonwood and Manitoba Maple



law of compensation, it probably produces less of the business in hand. This handicap—so far as results went—was aggravated in the case of the Grand Trunk by the partial effort that was made to manage a Canadian railway from London. English methods were thus at a marked disadvantage. They appeared in direct competition with American methods—methods that care nothing about the man and all about the railway—with a plant in one hemisphere and a part of the management in another, and with a pioneer road that cost pioneer prices to build.

The advent of Mr. Hays removed much of this handicap. He brought to the road "home rule" and American management. Railway circles in Montreal were at the time very full of stories illustrating the personal effects of the change. Until the arrival of Mr. Hays what the Englishman calls "order" and the American "red tape," governed the approaches of the subordinates to their chiefs. If a man in the "offices" desired to see one of the "heads" on business, he had usually to write him a letter stating his desire and his business, when an appointment would be made for a definite hour. But the American Mr. Hays changed all that. If a man wanted to see him on business, all he had to do was to walk down and see him—provided no one had got ahead of him. There was less dignity and more "doing."

A story which has reached me—which may or may not be true—and I will pass on here as a piece of gossip. Mr. Hays was always early at the office, needing a long day for his work; and one day, soon after his arrival in Montreal, he wanted to see one of his subordinates, and dropped into his office as he came into the building. But the subordinate was not there yet. So Mr. Hays went up to his own office, but presently dropped down again; yet the subordinate was still absent, and Mr. Hays gathered from enquiry that it was rather early to expect him. So he left word that he be sent up to Mr. Hays's office when he did come, and went back there. The

business was important, however, and presently he went impatiently down again. While he was there the man came in and found Mr. Hays looking over the pile of letters on his desk.

"Don't you find it necessary to get down earlier than this?" asked Mr. Hays.

"Oh, no," replied the official. "I can get through with my work after this all right."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Hays, as if grateful for the information. "Then I think we might safely dispense with the office altogether." And he did. If this story is not true in fact it probably is in spirit; for it was just such a "full speed ahead" order that passed from the new commander all along the line.

One of the first effects of the Hays management that the general public noticed was that it was no longer safe to calculate on a Grand Trunk train being late. To come in late with a train ceased to be regarded by the chiefs as one of those unavoidable occurrences which the lawyers put down to "the act of God or the King's enemies;" and every time a train was late the officials in charge had to give a full and satisfactory explanation. The consequence was that trains began to run on schedule time; and one of the most familiar characteristics of the Grand Trunk service disappeared. More than that, Mr. Hays set right at work improving the track, and then he gradually increased the speed required of the trains—and they made it. An Ontario man does not have to be very old to remember how astonished he would have been if he had been told that a train could leave Montreal after a late breakfast and arrive at Toronto in time for a six o'clock dinner. To-day this is a Grand Trunk commonplace.

But the ways are countless in which Mr. Hays equipped the road to take advantage of its opportunities. He knew before he came here that it was a wonderfully well-placed highway running through a fat country, and tapping at Chicago the limitless re-



CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

servoir of central North America. But it had been letting its opportunities escape it on all sides. It had more of the manner of a monopoly than of a competitor in a fiercely contested field; and a monopoly is never so much a failure as when it does not monopolize. But Mr. Hays set himself to chase opportunities. For instance, he found that the road could not compete for theatrical business because it had no

cars long enough to hold a "sixty-foot drop." So Mr. Hays had some cars built to meet this demand, and they were busy as soon as ready. Then he put on fast stock trains between Chicago and Portland, and immediately secured all that profitable business he could well handle. The rolling stock was improved and tourist traffic sought and catered for, with the result that to-day the Grand Trunk

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holiday advertisements have very much to do with the annual rush to Muskoka and other Canadian summer resorts.

The effect of all this upon the earning power of the railway is now history. The Grand Trunk shareholders, dubious enough at first, were won over by the golden eloquence of dividends. When Mr. Hays left the Grand Trunk at the close of 1900 to take the Presidency of the Southern Pacific Railway, it was estimated that the capital stock of the Grand Trunk had an enhanced value of some eighty millions of dollars over its position in 1895, before he took hold of the line. This was, of course, due to the largely increased payment of dividends to the English stockholders; and to the fact that a deficit of \$4,856,000 in interest on the perpetual debenture stock, which existed at the close of 1895, had been earned and paid off. Then, too, the company had added the Central Vermont Railway to its system on very favourable terms. But perhaps the most illuminating fact, so far as the worth of his first five years of service to the Grand Trunk is concerned, was the eagerness with which the Grand Trunk directors brought him back to the post of General Manager of the road after he had been away from it for less than a year.

And this was all the work of a very young man. Mr. Hays will be on the 16th of this month exactly forty-seven years old. He was born at Rock Island, Ill., in 1856, and began his railway career when seventeen years old as a clerk in the passenger department of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway in St. Louis. From there he was moved to the auditor's office, and then to that of the general superintendent; but in 1877 he left this road and became secretary to the General Manager of the Missouri Pacific. Here he was on the Gould system, which must have been an admirable school in the art of making a railway "go."

In 1884 Mr. Hays made another change, and joined the forces of the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific Railway as secretary to the General Manager. Two years later—Mr. Hays' promo-

tions came quickly—he was made assistant general manager of the road, which post he exchanged in a year for that of General Manager of the Wabash Western. Later he took a similar position over the whole consolidated Wabash system; and in 1894 we find him its Vice-President as well as its General Manager. This was rapid progress for the man who had begun railroading as a lad just seventeen years before.

He occupied now, of course, one of the conspicuous places in the American railway world. He was where good work told effectively in the eyes of the men who own and operate railways. Shortly after this time, the English owners of the Grand Trunk Railway began to think that it might be advisable to try the effect of putting their line under "American management," and thus establish it more on the same basis as the roads with which it was supposed to be in competition. It is said that their eyes first fell upon a Canadian who had risen to eminence in American railwaydom—Mr. Callaway. "Cy Warman" is authority for the following account of the episode:—

"Someone suggested 'Sam' Callaway. He was a Canadian—used to be a station agent at London, Ontario, but was then general manager of the Nickel Plate. He was Yankee enough to satisfy those with new ideas, and British enough for the conservative element. They offered Callaway the job. To get him away from the Vanderbilts, they offered him a good salary.

"'No,' said Callaway: 'I haven't the nerve. I used to work with a lot of those old chaps over there, and—really, I haven't the nerve to upset their old traditions.'"

At all events, the choice finally fell upon "Hays of the Wabash," and he came to Montreal as General Manager on January 1st, 1896, at, it is said, a salary of \$25,000 a year. For five years he made his way steadily into the good opinion of the Canadian people and the British owners of the road.

The reverse of a showy man, he was seen at once to be a worker and not a "poser"—a railroader whose close and capable attention to his business must have rejoiced the heart of every earnest workman on the line. It was evident that his business in Canada was to make a success of the Grand Trunk Railway; and that, outside of this task, nothing else much mattered. People who wanted to see Mr. Hays found him "railroading"—not dining out or making public appearances. To borrow a simile from the sea, he was a captain who spent his time on "the bridge," and not in the "ladies' cabin."

Then came the astonishing news that the Grand Trunk, after five years of unparalleled prosperity, was to "drop its pilot." Mr. Hays who had so improved the line that all the old witticisms at its expense had become obsolete, was to leave it and to take the Presidency of the Southern Pacific Railway. This was a splendid promotion, even for the Manager of the old Grand Trunk; for the great Collis P. Huntington had held this position until his death. His salary for this post, I find, put at various figures from \$55,000 to \$60,000 a year—a pretty nice sum for a man of forty-four. When Mr. Hays went to California to take over his new charge, he travelled over the line to San Francisco, and expressed himself there as greatly pleased with the road, and then added naively that he had been in San Francisco once, in October, 1881, for three weeks—on his wedding tour.

But San Francisco was not to keep him. Before the year was out, it was known that he was to come back to the Grand Trunk again, this time as Second Vice-President as well as General Manager. No mere expression of confidence couched in words could parallel in emphasis this simple act. The Grand Trunk had reluctantly let him go, and, within the year, they had

brought him back. We are now about a year and a half from the date of that return, but even within that time Mr. Hays has come with a new prominence before the Canadian people. It is impossible, of course, that a man should hold with success the post of Manager of one of our great railways without bulking largely in the public eye; but the new project for carrying the Grand Trunk system across the continent has induced the busy man, who spent his first five years largely behind the scenes, to make more frequent and formal appearances before the public. Thus a wider circle has come to know that mild face which impresses one with a sense of power, in abeyance for the moment rather than in reserve, and that firm-nerved, alert manner of the business man.

But, after all, the man who makes is best known by the thing made. One could talk to us forever of the personal characteristics of Alma Tadema; but if he did not show us his pictures, we would know nothing of him. Robert Louis Stevenson is not revealed to us by his biography, or even by the envious kick Henley bestowed on his grave, but by his vivid stories and the poetry that shone from him, whether in crystal prose or flower-like verse. So these master-builders of the new time—the men who cast up the highways upon which modern life flows with its quicksilver flash—they are to be known by the work they do. It may seem at first thought a far cry from art and poetry to "railroading," but as each is the best work of men who are in some sense the best product of their times, there is a kinship between them. The railway captain is a very modern development, but it is doubtful whether we have developed anything more characteristic, and there are few as good specimens of him to be found on this continent as the subject of this sketch.

*Albert R. Carman.*

## THE MEDICINE-MAKING OF NASKIWIS

*By W. A. Fraser, author of "Thoroughbreds," "Mooswa," Etc.*



IN late November I stood on the platform of Calgary station at 2 a.m., waiting for the C.P.R. Express. A cutting wind swept down from a gap in the Rockies and lay against my skin as though I were clothed in fretwork.

Across the level sea of a short-grassed prairie a single blaring eye was staring at me out of the darkness, slow-crawling up the horizon from the west like a wandering moon, and presently it had swirled past in its forehead-setting of a huge Cyclops that hissed and spluttered in the labour of staying the onward rush of long, dim-lighted cars, wherein were many people asleep.

Without regret I clambered with eager haste to the warm interior of a sleeper, knowing nothing of Jahn Olsen.

The car was weirdly gloomy, either side draped with dull-hanging curtains and nothing of animation visible but the sleep-surlied porter. My own discontent was because of the outer cold, and here was much warmth, and thick, generous blankets, and a promise of deep sleep with no early wakening. But I did not sleep.

There was no occult reason for my wakefulness—no noises; I was tired; and yet, until morning I lay wide-eyed, wondering who was in the berth across the aisle. I drew fanciful pictures of its occupant—always evil faces; sometimes the face of a man, sometimes it was a woman's; but always possessed of sinister eyes.

At the first bustle I came out of my night sleeplessness into a day of wakefulness; and full of nervous weariness, dressed, and waited for a solution of the question that had been the folly of the night hours. In my nervous state, the interest that attached to waiting for the embodiment of the disturbing spirit was an occupation—something equivalent to tapping on the window.

At last the curtains opposite undulated vertically; three very pink fingers thrust through and separated the holding cords from their buttons; then a tall, fair-haired giant stood up and looked about through a pair of blue eyes—cherub eyes. As they met mine they were sweet in their simplicity. Then the giant's rosy lips parted in a smile that was like delicate fretwork setting for an even row of pearls. He nodded and said "Good morning." I think I sent back a stiff recognition—I'm not sure, for I was troubling over the incongruity of attaching evil dream-faces to such a being.

But I was not done with obtrusive individualities, for when the porter had transformed another section into a place of seats, I encountered the Madonna—that is, the Madonna of the "Ypsilanti," our sleeper.

She was as dark as the giant was fair—the olive of her skin enhanced by the pallor of a recent coast-fever that had burned the redness to ash; but in the big dark eyes sometimes flashed a fire most assuredly capable of burning to ash many a strong heart. These things swept the Madonna precipitately into one's consciousness—the luminous pallor, the straight nose—a trifle long, a great sweep of rich black hair, and the eyes—after all, it was the eyes.

There were days of companionship in travel ahead of the dwellers in the Ypsilanti, and I watched eagerly for the first tide that might float me into a closer acquaintanceship with those who had come from across the Rockies.

I knew perfectly that the fair giant would come to me as soon as he had finished his toilet; his blue eyes had looked back and said so as he passed through the door of the smoking-room.

Presently he came, and as he talked I struggled with the problem of his nationality. There was a distinctive



something in his accent—what was it? He had been born somewhere on the outer edge of my horizon, I knew. I failed in conjecture, and it was he who told me of the little village in Sweden where still lived his mother. Without doubt the physique and the teeth, and the blue eyes with their wealth of gentleness, like a lion at rest, could have been from no other land.

Then he told me his name, Jahn Olssen; and the Madonna's name was Aidine. Her name followed so readily in sequence that a new conjecture was forced upon me—his thoughts, like mine, were of the beautiful face. He knew her since two days, the time of their journey from the Pacific. They were going to Montreal—she and her mother; was I? He would leave us at Heron Lake. But it was well; we should all be together for two days; he would present me, so that life, which at best was dull, might lose no chance of being made brighter.

Jahn was like an oriental in the rich colouring of his mind.

As I went forward, in charge of Jahn, the elder woman's face lighted up with a sweet welcome: it was good to be a friend to the blue-eyed man.

The Swede was anomalous; he was sensitively modest; yet the conversation was mostly by Jahn, and of Jahn. He was a boy, and as artless.

It was only at the summons of my Lady Nicotine that Jahn and I separated ourselves from Aidine the Madonna and her mother. At such times my friend's talk was of the Grecian-faced girl. Jahn was in love. But that was a most ordinary something—that was not an influence to reach out from a man who slumbered, and scatter imps of unrest in the berth of one tired.

The shadow of a tragedy lurked behind those placid blue eyes; for my disquiet was not of a fatuous fancy born of unstrung nerves, for I had hunted Big Horn for a month in the South Kootenay, and my muscles and mind were at rest. I knew it would happen, the something; but when?

Jahn was captivating. He spoke

four Indian dialects. In knowledge of the redman's ways he was an Indian. He was a member of historical societies; had been decorated for his scientific research; had written an exhaustive treatise on the discovery of America by the Norsemen. And yet he was a believer in unreal things—a Theosophist.

It was the second day of our union that this came out. He showed a photograph—dim, unreal, intangible, almost seeming to fade away and grow distinct again as we looked upon it, that had been projected in Sweden while its flesh embodiment lay dying in Manitoba.

All the authentic confirmation of this and other strange happenings Jahn had in letters and newspaper extracts.

I was scarcely less sceptical than the Madonna, but he was so simply honest in it all, so devoid of excuse and explanation in his faith that we pretended to believe.

From this Jahn went on to the medicine-making of the Indians, which was one and the same thing with barbaric surroundings. It was true, every bit of it, he asserted, with a trifle of his mildness obliterated, that the Indians could tell by muscular twitchings when a stranger was approaching, though he might be two or three days' journey afar.

Drawn on by his subject, I think it was inadvertently, he came to speak of something that was in his own life out of this, and as he talked the evil face that had come to me that first night stood out clear and strong, obliterating even the Madonna eyes of Aidine—and it was a woman's face.

Some four years before, so the Swede's story ran, he had been Indian Agent on a Cree reserve east of Winnipeg. We should pass this place the next night he assured us. Then he had gone away from Heron Lake Reserve because—because it was better, and because of Naskiwis. Naskiwis was the Chief's daughter.

Also, I said to myself, Naskiwis possessed the malevolent eyes that robbed me of sleep.

The fair giant was a creature of surprises, simple and yet most complex. The blue eyes were the eyes of a man who slept and ate and had his being, but in Jahn's existence many interests had jostled each other, and he had read much from the book of life.

I looked at the Madonna as Jahn spoke of Naskiwis. She was possessed of eager interest; our friend's candour precluded any thought of unworthiness.

All the tribe knew that Naskiwis should not have bothered him, Jahn said; but she did, and when he had gone away she made medicine so that she came in spirit and sat beside him and worried him much.

I almost suspicioned that the Swede was imposing upon our credulity, but that was impossible—he was in earnest.

He said: "Sometimes when I am alone in my shack she comes and makes mischief—abuses me, and trouble always comes soon after. Oh, yes; I can see her quite plainly," he answered to a question from Aidine, "and I can hear her voice. She always knows just where I am," he continued.

"She will know that you are here with us to-night?" queried Aidine.

I could have sworn the pink in his cheek was lost for a minute, as he answered, "I—I—I suppose she does."

"Can't you bring her here now?" asked the Madonna.

"My God—don't, don't! It is too late—I did not know it was so late," Jahn exclaimed confusedly, as he fumbled at his watch. "We will go and smoke."

When we were together in the smoking-room, I could see that this believer in wondrous things was troubled. During the day he had told me he was thirty-six; I had thought him not beyond thirty, his face was so boyish; now he was fifty.

The night before, my fellow-passenger had retired early; now he sat and smoked pipe after pipe, and was a new Jahn—moody, and of little speech. Once, as he was filling his pipe, it

clattered to the floor, and the tobacco lay like coarse dust.

"You see?" he said, holding up his strong-muscled arm. I did; it twitched like the limb of a man possessed of palsy.

"That is the medicine-making," he continued; "Naskiwis is making medicine—she heard—." Then he broke off and puffed fiercely until we sat in a smothering blue haze.

I had a curiosity to know more of Jahn's hallucination—it could not be aught else—so I ventured to say: "You will see Naskiwis in the flesh to-morrow night; then you can scold her for troubling you."

"I shall not go to Heron Lake," he answered, with his usual straightforward simplicity.

"I thought—"

"Yes, yes," broke in Jahn with nervous excitement; "I will tell you—I must talk. You don't mind?" he interrupted himself pleadingly.

I laid my hand on his knee and said: "Tell me about it, Olsen; it will do you good. If I can help you—"

"It wasn't my fault," he interrupted me again; "I saved the life of Naskiwis—it was nothing but a chance."

"Then she fell in love with you, naturally," I interjected.

"It wasn't my fault."

"And you?" I asked.

"There was no white woman there, and Naskiwis was beautiful."

I thought of the wicked eyes I had pictured.

"She haunted me as only an Indian can pursue. And then Many Bears, a young Indian, became jealous, and turned to hate the hearts of the Indians who were my friends. But one day I was strong enough to break away. Do you know what I did?" Jahn panted as he thrust his hot face across to mine, and the blue eyes were deep violet with the madness that was over the man. "I took my mother's picture in my hand, so, and holding it before my eyes, I ran like a stag that was afraid."

Then he threw his big body back and drew a long breath.



"I went away, but what use. I know what Naskiwis did. She went to the Nokum, and the Nokum, who is old in years and ev , taught her to make medicine against me, and I had no rest. Night and day Naskiwis was calling, calling, calling. Just as it was when I was at Heron Lake, her cry, 'Ogama! Ogama!' would waken me in the night when I slept, and sometimes she would sit there beside me."

"You fought against it," I suggested.

"I prayed against it. But there is nothing in the world like this power of the medicine-making."

"And you were going back?"

"Yes. Naskiwis knew I must come."

"And now you are going past—you won't stop there?"

He shook his head, and his eyes were eyes of resolve.

"What broke the spell?" I asked.

"Aidine," he answered. "At first her face was like my mother's, and now it is like an angel's."

"You are tired," I said; "we had better turn in and sleep."

Jahn shook his head. "I can't sleep. You see, Naskiwis is calling, calling, but I keep my eyes open and see only the sweet face of Aidine. Tomorrow night we pass Heron Lake, and then I shall sleep a long time."

I left him sitting there and went to my berth. While I thought the medicine-making but an idle fancy, the man's earnestness had unsettled me. Half-an-hour showed me the futility of trying to slumber, so I rose and went back to sit with him; perhaps another smoke would sooth my restlessness.

In the corner of the compartment, half-huddled against the window, sat an Indian girl.

"It is Naskiwis," Jahn said quite simply, as I stood inside the curtain.

I lighted a cigar and sat down. I was wondering what it was. Had Jahn hypnotized me? There was magnetism enough in his physical excellence to influence a stronger than I; it might even be a trick—for the

train had stopped at a small town while I tossed in my berth.

The girl did not speak, neither did Jahn; so I sat silently trying to obliterate the unpleasant image. I drifted into a mental revolt; my mind struggled with this uncanny force that enthralled it. Why should I be compelled to see things that were not?

I was positive that if I were to stretch out a hand and seek to grasp this that Jahn was pleased to call Naskiwis, I should encounter nothing but the green plush cushions.

Why should the Swede's magnetic power be used to pervert my vision.

## II.

The oppressive silence was trying, and I wondered at my own reluctance to break it; but Naskiwis was Jahn's own trouble. I had nothing to do with her. If he could handle spirits and converse with them, I could not; but I could smoke, and I did, beyond all chance of further sleep.

About her shoulders was a blanket of gaudy hue—red and blue, and yellow—most unbecoming georgeousness for a roving spirit. The blanket hid the girl's chin, but I could see the rest of her face, it was not the evil face I had seen in my restless fancies.

At last I said "good-night" to Jahn and went back to my berth.

I think he did not come to bed at all, I did not hear him: but towards morning I did sleep a little.

In the daylight she had gone—there was no Naskiwis, but in Jahn's face was something that told me he was beyond trickery—that he was suffering.

All that day we did not speak at all of Naskawis, nor of the medicine-making. The Swede talked a little to me of Aidine, and I knew there was conflict in his soul between the strange influence that was over him and the new light. Once I asked him if he would not lie down and have a nap, but he answered again, "We'll pass Heron Lake to-night, then I will sleep a long time."

We should reach Heron Lake at 2 a.m. I knew Jahn would sit up, and

wondered if he would allow me to remain with him. I confess that I was as nervously interested as though I shared his belief.

All day Jahn was oppressed by the shadow of Heron Lake; it hung heavy on his spirits—he was like a man under sentence of death.

When the night hours came I was glad. As they slowly followed each other into the past I watched their going with thankfulness. After the dreaded hour I also would sleep soundly and at length, I reflected, echoing Jahn's words. Never again would I become interested in a superstitious Swede.

At eleven o'clock everybody had retired except Jahn and myself. We sat in the smoking apartment; I trying to read, and my companion waiting in absolute idleness for—the passing of Heron Lake. At twelve we were still there. There was no conversation—nothing, not even the appearance of Naskiwis.

At one, Jahn asked me if I would not sleep. I replied that I had a curiosity to see Heron Lake.

His face lighted up for an instant with a little wan smile of grateful recognition; he knew that I sat there in company.

After a time I looked at my watch. In twenty minutes we would have passed Heron Lake. A slight exhilaration at this thought seemed to make our present condition one of abject folly.

It was perhaps three minutes more when the black face of the porter peered through the door curtain. I started at the apparition.

The lady passengers wanted to see Dr. Hapgood. There were but two ladies on the Ypsilanti, so I knew whom he meant.

I found Aidine's mother in a state of tearful excitement, and Aidine in all but hysterics. Her nerves had completely given way. I conjectured that the long journey was beginning to tell on her after her illness.

Aidine declared that an evil face peered at her from between the curtains of her berth as she tried to sleep

—she insisted with vehemence that it was not fancy—that she had seen it; such a wolfish, fierce face, cruel beyond description.

I got a soothing draught from my hand-bag and gave it to her. She clung to me begging me not to leave her; it was not drugs she needed, it was protection.

I heard the hiss, a weary, long-drawn-out sigh, of the air-brakes; the crunch of checked wheels; the heave of the slackened train; and a moment's absence of motion; then, somewhere in the distance, a faint call of "All aboard." The car vibrated with tremendous force; the iron screeched beneath it, and the swaying roll of the Ypsilanti told me that we were leaving Heron Lake and its nightmare behind. I gave a sigh of relief involuntarily. Aidine re-echoed it; and the pulse that had trembled fitfully in her cold wrist as I held it, commenced to beat in stronger unison.

"The draught has soothed you?" I asked.

"I feel better," she answered; "oh! it was horrible—horrible! but I am better now."

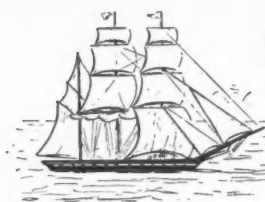
Presently a sleepy quiet brought a listless droop to the wondrous dark eyes; and, nodding to her mother, I slipped away, and went back to congratulate Jahn.

He had spoken truthfully; he was lying on the seat asleep. "After we have passed Heron Lake I will sleep a long time," he had said.

He was so comfortable that it seemed folly to disturb him. Perhaps if I wakened him he might not be able to sleep again.

I, too, slept like a log. It was daylight when I was wakened by the porter; he was calling me in a choked voice.

I found the beautiful, fair Jahn lying on the sofa almost as I had left him. But he had spoken in sad truth, "After Heron Lake I will sleep a long time," for he was dead. There was a knife thrust fair through his heart. That was last November, and so far there is no clue to his murderer. But I don't think it was Naskiwis.



## SHORE LEAVE

BY THEODORE ROBERTS



HE "Mary B.," a three-hundred-ton barquentine, swung with the muddy tides in Pernambuco Harbour. She had come from Newfoundland, racing with the Trades and sweltering in the doldrums, and beneath her battered hatches she carried codfish to the value of nine thousand pounds. She looked hot enough, lying there with the sunlight blazing on rail and spar, but under her awnings there was a cool draught from the sea. There was not a foot of deck, forward, aft or amidships, that had not its strip of canvas to shade it. The captain of the "Mary B." looked well after his ship, his men and himself.

On one hand lay the reef, topped with its old Dutch-built brick wall. Plumes of white spray burst over it, now at one point, now at another, like the smoke of heavy guns fired irregularly. Beyond the reef danced the white and green waters of the Roads. On the other hand lay Pernambuco, with its rough cobble stones, red, white, pink, yellow and blue buildings and evil smells. In the Square stood a few trees, with iron seats in their shade. White, black and brown citizens, in clothes of many styles and hues, moved about. Here were vendors of fruits, and of cigarettes of native tobacco. Cripples and beggars made supplication. Slow, grey-coated bullocks dragged their burdens of sugar sacks in the aching sunlight. Pack horses waited at the curb. Soldiers in blue tunics and baggy red trousers lounged about, smoking pungent cigarettes. Merchants, shipmasters, clerks, beggars, bullock drivers and untidy women came and

went. Sea breezes fanned the Square, making it the coolest corner of the older part of the town. In Simpson's, business men, whose houses were far back beyond three bridges, and shipmasters, whose homes were thousands of miles away, drank bad whiskey and talked about the rate of exchange. Back of the Square were narrow streets between warehouses. Here one might enjoy the odours of sugar from the interior, jerked beef from the River Platte and fish from Newfoundland, all in one sniff.

About the "Mary B." all was cleanliness and order. The mate kept his men at work, painting, scraping and mending. Every morning the bos'un and steward went ashore in the boat and brought off fresh meat and vegetables for the day. The captain did his business ashore, made his calls in the resident part of the town, and waited with patience for a chance to discharge his cargo. No shore leave was given, and no spirits or native fruits were brought aboard. A passenger on a vessel lying near the "Mary B.," had once heard the captain talking to a bum-boatman:

"Pull out of this, or by the devil I'll sink you. Bring your fever an' hell-fire aboard my ship, would you? I've men aboard here, not beasts, you unholy nigger. Take your rum ashore, there's fever in every drop of it. Pitch that 'andspike at him, Mr. Bowler."

You may believe that the "Mary B." was left alone after that. The captain would take his men home safe and sound, with all their money in their pockets, even if he got himself disliked for it. The mate felt the same way about it as the captain, and the men saw the wisdom of the thing,

though they sometimes grumbled among themselves.

"It's this way," said one of the A.B.'s; "you gets a drink of *casash* inside you, an' you sees a lot of houses like all the colours of the rainbow, and you goes out into the sunlight. Then you gets three more drinks an' smashes a nigger in the eye, and goes to sleep in a dirty dive, an' wakes up with yellow fever in your blood an' a knife in your arm. No, it ain't good enough for me!"

"That's all right," said a younger man, "but jes' the same I'd like for to go ashore. Captain Jones lets his men ashore every Saturday night, an' gives them money too. I ain't no baby. I wants to go ashore."

"Ole Jones is a plaguy fool," retorted the other. "Last year he lost Jim Bent with yellow fever. This year he's two men in hospital an' one in jug. Call 'im a skipper? I calls 'im a t'ree-knot, Novie Scotia bar-tender."

The mate came along and interrupted the conversation.

In the course of time the "Mary B." was towed up to the discharging berth, and the captain started in with the intention of making record time at whipping out the drums of fish. The heat was intense and innumerable sickly odours came away from the pink warehouses. Aboard the "Mary B." there was a faint, clean smell of carbolic acid. Each seaman, in limp singlet and paint-spotted canvas trousers, did more work than any two of the shore labourers, and the captain's ready hand and eye were over all. South, on Coconut Island, the palms seemed to reel in the heat. At last the long day came to an end, and the men cooled themselves on the topgallant fore-castle. A fresh breeze had set in from the sea. After tea they smoked and sang, the bowls of their pipes glowing red in the heavy dark. It was close upon ten o'clock when one of the seamen discovered the absence of Nickolas McPeak. He passed the word round and then followed an awed silence. At last some one said, "He'd better make the most of his fun to-night, for

the devil a bit will he have when the old man gits a holt of him."

Ashore, along the narrow streets went Nickolas McPeak. He was dressed in the uncomfortable "best" of the sailor-fisher. His trousers were limp and blue—the kind they sell in St. John's for a dollar and a half. His coat was black, with shiny black lines in it. Upon his head he wore a hard-felt hat of the vintage of 1890. He had already stowed away two glasses of *casash*, and his steps were uncertain. Presently he came to a square that opened into the river. After tacking across the open space he came safely to the end of a wide bridge. The fumes of the native rum and the heat of his bowler hat moved him to song. He closed his eyes and walked on, reeling against the railing of the bridge and shouting the foolish words of a "Come-all-ye." When a ray of reason returned to him, and he found himself in a narrow street between yellow walls and black doorways, he could not remember how far he had walked, nor how many corners he had turned. He sat down on the curb and threw away his hat. Some of his courage had gone out, and a guilty fear of the captain stole like a shadow across his muddled brain. Then a madness came upon him, born of the native rum and the breathless heat. Scrambling up from the pavement, he stumbled into one of the gaping doorways. The first thing he fell against was a huge clay water-jar which stood on the floor. Next he stumbled over the prostrate body of a man and lay still, with his head against the wall, until a lamp was lighted. A thin, brown man, clad in a very scanty pair of white drawers, questioned him in the language of the country.

McPeak sat up. "*Casash*," he cried; "bring me *casash*, you brown nigger." His eyes were red as fire in the yellow lamplight. His face was white, and his mouth half-open. The native looked at him with ill-concealed disgust. Turning to a shelf, he took down a

glass and a small brown jar, and placing them within the sailor's reach, lit a cigarette and returned to his dirty quilt on the floor. McPeak poured out a glassful of the white rum and swallowed it at a gulp. The Brazilian lay quiet, blowing smoke into the hot air. His face was utterly impassive. The sailor watched him with stupid interest. He slopped out another dose of the rum and held it unsteadily toward the native and invited him, in drunken speech, to have a drink. Upon receiving a silent refusal he emptied the glass himself and closed his eyes. The minutes crawled by like black, sweltering shadows. The brown man slid from his couch and blew out the lamp. The place seemed to have been left alone to silence and the sickening odours of the street. Something moved about in the darkness, and the drunken sailor muttered in his sleep. Then he breathed more quietly, and the brown cockroaches ran across his sprawling limbs and up the walls. Perhaps he dreamed of a Newfoundland September, and of the potato fields above the little fishing village. Perhaps his blurred eyes, clear enough in the dream, saw the blue bay and the grey fishing stages, and marked the thin smoke of his own chimney.

When McPeak awoke, he found himself sitting on the curb in a strange street. Yellow walls and red roofs

made sport of him. A grey parrot in a window above him snapped out a few sea-curses in English. He looked up and greeted the bird merrily. His head felt light and uncomfortable, and he did not know whether to laugh or cry. The sun was well up, breathing white fire across the uneven roofs and narrow courts. A lizard ran across the gutter—and that was the last thing McPeak saw or noticed for a day or two.

St. Peter's Hospital is a huge white building, sitting square and clean in its palm-filled gardens. The wards are large and cool, though somewhat crowded. Sick seamen are always brought here. Strange friendships and stranger reunions often take place in this house of silence.

It was here that poor McPeak lay for three days, tossing weakly from side to side. The captain came often to sit by him, and sometimes they talked of the blue bays of Newfoundland and wondered if the ice-hunters had returned with their cargoes of seals. But McPeak's mind wandered a great deal. Very early on the morning of the fourth day the sufferer died, and his body was taken across to the seamen's graveyard on Cocoanut Island. On the following day the "Mary B." with one hundred tons of ballast in her hold, cleared the reef and filled her sails for Barbadoes.

## THE SHAWL OF MANY COLOURS

A BRITISH COLUMBIA MINING TALE

*By Mark Sweeten Wade*

"LAFLEUR," remarked Choquette, sprawled lazily beneath the shade of the leafy willows and cottonwoods, "I think I'll marry Atinoot. What you think, eh?"

Lafleur, also sprawled in the same absolute abandon, pulled hard at his pipe before answering; this new phase in his friend and colleague required some digesting.

"All right," he said at length, nodding his head slowly; "she's a good girl. But you'll pay high price, mon ami. Keep you busy next winter to get skins enough to buy her with."

"I don't care," replied Choquette, not the least bit discouraged or dismayed by this formidable idea of a girl fetching the top notch price. "Better than blow it all in for bad whiskey at



the Fort, eh?" But Lafleur had no more to say; so the two men, trappers both of them, lapsed into silence, and lazily enjoying the summer season of rest from their hazardous and arduous work, smoked contentedly.

It was a hard life in that remote north in the year of grace '61. Letters reached there at uncertain times and only once in a blue moon. The Company's men brought the "news," but the trappers saw little of them and rarely heard it. Thus it was that Choquette was in blissful ignorance of the Cariboo excitement. The country about the Stikine River and Dease Lake, aye, and for a distance of many miles on each side of them, gave him ample opportunity for the exercise of his skill with rifle and trap. At the end of each season he turned in a satisfactory tale of pelts to the Company's trading post. Lafleur, a compatriot and an excellent fellow, was the best partner in the world; what more could he desire? There was no need for him to do any cooking, or build up fires, or do anything save smoke and eat while in camp, for Lafleur's wife, and her sister, assisted by other relatives, male and female, were there to do these things.

In three or four months more, when it grew cold again, and the ice formed on the lakes, and the snow flurries covered the ground with white, the furs would be good and he would work. For the present, pouf! It was hot, too hot in August to do anything, and the mosquitoes were bad as bad could be.

It was nice to be camped by the river though. There was plenty of dry wood on hand for the fires, and the water was good, plentiful and cool. Besides there were the fish!

Teda, as Lafleur's better but darker half was called, and her sister Atinoot, fished every day. The men did nothing but lie about the camp and smoke, Lafleur and Choquette incessantly, their Indian comrades less often, not because they didn't like it so well as the French Canadians, but for the very good reason that they pos-

sessed a more limited supply of tobacco. Teda's papooses played and squalled and made their dark skins darker with dirt, unheeded half the time. The heat did not seem to trouble them very much.

The fragrance of the mixture of tobacco and kanikanik was wafted about hither and thither by the breeze. Some of it reached as far as the women squatting by the river-bank a score of yards away.

"That smells good," remarked Atinoot to her sister; "I wish I had some!"

"Choquette will give you some," said Teda, meaningly. The girl laughed and pulled her red 'kerchief into shape.

"Choquette!" called Teda shrilly.

"Que voulez-vous?" demanded the French Canadian lazily, raising himself slightly and glancing in the direction whence the voice came.

"Chako."

Thus ordered to "come," he got up with a grunt and indolently strolled across the intervening space, through the rosebushes and willows. He knew Atinoot was there. Last year he met her in her own illahie once only, but now that she had come to bear Teda company for a while, he saw her constantly. She was better looking than Teda. True, she did not wash very thoroughly nor too often, but her brown eyes sparkled and the bright hues of her 'kerchief knotted under her chin suited her complexion admirably. Besides Choquette had lived so much with the Indians and after their manner that he, too, did not wash every day. Cui bono? And then it is no use to be ostentatious in such matters!

"Choquette," said Teda, without looking around, "Atinoot wants some of your tobacco."

Atinoot laughed again and whispered to her sister and then they both laughed heartily, showing their white even teeth.

"That so?" queried Choquette, taking the pipe from his mouth and offering it to the girl. "That's all right. Here, Atinoot, take my pipe and my tobacco. Now smoke, ma petite."

Atinoot tossed her head a trifle, but took the pipe and tobacco, bestowing a coquettish glance at the French Canadian as she did so.

"Sapristi, but she is all right!" he ejaculated.

The girl smoked and looked out of the corners of her eyes at Choquette who sat beside her, while Teda fished, using grasshoppers for bait. Presently Teda drew in the line, and gathering the fish together, moved towards the tents. Atinoot returned pipe and tobacco to Choquette and leisurely followed her. Choquette stepped after her and holding the pipe in one hand endeavoured to catch her about the waist with the other and to snatch a kiss, but with a laugh she bounded into the bushes and joined Teda.

"Dam fine girl that," murmured Choquette as he stood gazing after her with admiration plainly expressed on every feature of his weather-beaten face. "Dam fine girl!"

When the women reached the camp, Choquette threw himself down on the bank, lighted his pipe and indulged in day dreams. A splashing noise aroused him. Looking about for the cause, he espied Teda's five-year-old "tenas" (little son) in all the glory and perfect freedom of nature's garb, engaged in the time-honored pastime of throwing stones into the water. Choquette lay there lazily watching him. Tiring of the exertion, the youngster sought for a new form of amusement and began digging a hole in the sand and gravel, piling up the excavated material and using a piece of flat driftwood to pat it into shape.

Suddenly something arrested the child's attention, and he hunted among the gravel diligently as if in search of a lost object.

Moved by an impulse, half curiosity, Choquette listlessly picked his way down the bank to the gravelly bar where the child was playing.

"Well, Alphonse, mon enfant, you have good time, eh?"

"Yes, look!" and he opened his little brown fist showing his big friend a few yellow grains; only two or three

fragments, not bigger than grains of wheat.

Choquette became immediately interested. As one of the fruits of his intercourse with the Indians and the rough life amidst perils and dangers, he had acquired the faculty of concealing his real feelings when he desired to do so. The sight of the yellow grains had stirred him; within, his blood coursed excitedly; without, he gave no sign of the fever that was already upon him. There is no resisting the gold fever!

"And you found those pretty things here, mon enfant?" he asked quietly, patting the child on his head.

"Yes, in this hole—see!" protested the little chap, digging his brown fists into the sand and gravel.

"Let us see if we can find some more! Run into my camp, Alphonse, and bring me a pan!"

For an hour Choquette played with little Alphonse, making sand castles and digging holes in the gravel that had the yellow grains in it!

That night he had a private talk with Lafleur, and next day all Teda's "tillicums," except Atinoot, were despatched to the Hudson's Bay post for a further supply of flour and tobacco. When evening's shades again fell, the camp occupied a spot a couple of miles lower down the Stikine.

As for the French Canadians, all listlessness had disappeared. Indolence gave place to energy; severe labour superseded idleness. A rough rocker was knocked together, and day after day from early morn till dusk they toiled, and the pile of coarse gold grew. There was no longer need to penetrate the forests, to haunt the streams and swamps, to climb the mountains, all for a little money, tobacco and food received in exchange for the hardly-earned pelts. It was here, ready to their hands!

The women left with the children at the camp fell to speculating on the reason for the prolonged daily absence of the French Canadians. The furs were "cultus" in summer time, therefore they were not engaged in trapping.



Rarely did they bring a grouse or a rabbit home with them, therefore they were not hunting. That they should be engaged in any kind of labour never entered the woman's heads. Teda had Alphonse and the baby to look after and had her hands too full to bother very much about it. But Atinoot had no such ties, and her curiosity being aroused to the highest pitch, knew no rest until she had solved the mystery which she did by the very simple but eminently effective plan of dogging the footsteps of the two men. From the shelter of the trees and bushes fringing the river banks she saw them hard at work. She did not understand what it meant, neither did Teda to whom she imparted what she had discovered.

Teda knew, despite the inferiority of her race, how to handle her good husband and in the end wheedled the secret out of him. Once in possession of it her cupidity was aroused and she demanded all manner of things; a new shawl of gorgeous pattern, earrings such as the chief's wife had received as a gift from a "tyee" at Fort Wrangel, red and blue 'kerchiefs, a new print gown.

Importunity on her part, and easy good-nature on Lafleur's, carried the day. Indeed he had no peace until he promised to do all she asked. Leaving Choquette in charge, Lafleur and the two women set out for the trading post.

"Get what you want and come back quick," said Choquette at parting, "and be sure not to tell where you get the gold," he added for at least the hundredth time since the excursion had been decided upon.

Lafleur's discretion he could trust but a chattering woman's tongue was another matter altogether. What misgivings he had, however, he speedily forgot in the excitement of striking a rich pocket. Little did the miners in Cariboo cleaning up their hundreds a day imagine that, far to the north of them, a solitary French Canadian was washing out single-handed from this pocket as much to the pan as many of the claims in Cariboo yielded.



Meanwhile Lafleur, with Teda and her baby, and Atinoot with Alphonse, visited the store. The payment in gold dust for the gaudy articles selected by the women attracted much attention, and gave rise to endless comment and countless questions.

To all enquiries Lafleur turned a deaf ear, and the women returned the ever-ready "Halo kumtux," which is the Chinook equivalent of the Chinaman's "No savee." Where the direct attack fails, the indirect will oft succeed. A frontal attack may be beaten off, but the flank movement may be less easily resisted.

Cultus Dick well deserved his name, for he did little else but hang about the

posts, abhorring work in every form, and doing less than the Indians. Perhaps he imagined he had some sort of a claim on the post for his maintenance because his father had been in the Company's employ when he mated with the Stick woman who became Dick's mother. Perhaps his oily tongue and ingratiating manner enabled him to get along with so little exertion.

Cultus Dick ogled Atinoot, and with a few flattering speeches gained her ear.

"Choquette never said such nice things about me," mused the girl, whose vanity was touched. He devoted himself to the Indian maiden, and from some mysterious source he produced a little money, and bought her some sticks of candy, real Hudson's Bay candy.

Bit by bit he extracted from the unsuspecting girl much that would have made Choquette, or even Lafleur, very angry to have heard her tell. Still the main secret she guarded tolerably well, the exact location of the bar. This he could not coax from her by any of his wiles. Then Dick determined to play his trump card. With the remainder of his little hoard he purchased an exquisite shawl of every colour of the rainbow. He showed it to Atinoot. Her eyes sparkled. Never had she seen such a shawl. How had she missed it at the store?

"You like it?" queried Dick, watching her every change of expression.

"It is beautiful. Yes, I like it much," she answered.

"It is beautiful, yes," agreed Dick, spreading it out so as to display it to better advantage.

"This I will give to someone for something."

"To a girl?" asked Atinoot, after a pause.

"Yes," said Dick. "I don't ask her for much."

"Perhaps she can't give it," suggested Atinoot.

"Oh yes she can. You can if you like."

"I can what?" demanded the girl,

feeling full well what would follow.

"Only tell me where the yellow money sand is. That's all," answered Dick, as if the matter were of no importance to him or anyone.

"No, no," protested Atinoot weakly. "I dare not."

"It is a nice shawl," said the tempter. "You are very pretty, Atinoot. You would look prettier in this shawl."

"Choquette and Lafleur would be so angry," she whispered, eyeing the gaudy morsel wistfully.

Dick arose and deftly threw the shawl about her shoulders. She flushed and trembled.

"Well?" asked Dick.

She glanced cautiously about and whispered in his ear.

When he left her, the shawl still remained where he had placed it.

A few days later they were all back at the camp, the women happy and proud of their new things, the men eager to work at the paystreak, which they did with a will, only excepting the day when the missionary priest came along very conveniently and married Choquette and Atinoot. Then came a change. Cultus Dick put in an appearance, and following him came others. Claims were marked off, and men idle before toiled like galley slaves. The news reached Fort Wrangel, and so it was whispered that the whole world might know that Choquette had found gold on the Stikine. It was great news!

When Victoria heard of it, it was in midwinter, but in the spring of 1862 the first recorded rush to the north took place. The *Flying Dutchman* was not roomy enough to take all who were eager to make the trip to Shakesville, the mining town that sprang up, like a mushroom, on the Stikine.

"Sapristi!" said Choquette to his wife Atinoot. "All the world comes for our gold! It must have been that priest who married us that gave the thing away!"

But Atinoot said nothing. She had her lord's dinner to prepare and had no time to sit and talk!

## THE LATE D'ALTON McCARTHY, Q.C., M.P.\*

### AN APPRECIATION

I KNEW him as a lad, as a man at the height of his fame at the bar, and later on as the Ontario lieutenant of that astute statesman who, with all his fancy for running a one-man Government, utilized with consummate art the best brains which the country could produce. I knew Mr. D'Alton McCarthy also when the public warmly applauded his policy and utterances on the public platform, and yet left him stranded with a small following in the House of Commons.

It was my inestimable privilege to know D'Alton McCarthy intimately in his private life from the time he was a little lad until the fateful Sunday evening in May, 1898, when he received injuries in a runaway accident which resulted in his death a few days later.

"Was his a great career?" will be asked by those who have but a superficial knowledge of the personality and history of the man. To those who knew him best there can be not the slightest doubt as to the element of greatness in the mental and moral conglomeration which goes to make up a splendid specimen of manly manhood. D'Alton McCarthy was the son of an Irish barrister who found a home for his family on the shores of Kempendfeldt Bay after a six weeks' voyage in a sailing ship, an experience which awaited all the emigrants from the Old World to our shores in the early forties. The McCarthys came of good stock; they were of the Clancarty tribe, and the maternal strain of the present Canadian branch was one of the best in Scotland. The free-handed mode of living of one of D'Alton McCarthy's immediate ancestors had left the family with a small amount of capital, but the splendid energy and fearlessness bequeathed by the elder D'Alton McCarthy to his sons was the best legacy it was in his power to bestow. It

stood the subject of my sketch in good stead in his struggle for education. The tremendous sense of responsibility urged him on at such a pace that at the age of twenty-one he was called to the bar. The subsequent effort of a proud, intrepid spirit to gain the foothold he finally attained in the community, is something which only those who knew him intimately can appreciate. For there was no prouder and more sensitive man than D'Alton McCarthy, in spite of his dogged determination and love of fun and laughter. Never was there a more jocular host, no one who more enjoyed the gaiety of the Christmas gatherings and family fêtes under his own roof. And yet D'Alton McCarthy was a man so sensitive to criticism, to anything like satire or misunderstanding, that only those who knew him from childhood could appreciate what he must have endured from the defection of some of his friends in consequence of his political views during the last phase of his life.

D'Alton McCarthy was considered an extravagant man, but while his early days had been spent in comparative poverty, he sprang from a race of gentle people who had lived as only the Irish gentry of the good old days knew how to live, and the inherited instincts of his immediate ancestry were all his. To gain luxuries and comforts by the strength of his native intelligence—for he had but little education—to achieve great things for those dear to him was in truth the ambition of D'Alton McCarthy's life. At one time he had a stock farm, and imported thoroughbred cattle, taking the keenest interest in the agricultural questions of the county, and making his own beautiful residence the ideal residence of a county magnate of the old school. The planting, clipping,

\* Mr. McCarthy died on the 11th May, 1898.

and trimming a magnificent cedar hedge was one of the delights of his life. I remember finding him driving a horse-rake in a hayfield, wearing a "cow's-breakfast hat" and flannel shirt, just as happy and absorbed in this occupation as I found him later, clad in irreproachable pink, following the Toronto Hounds, on the back of a thoroughbred Irish mare he had imported from his native land.

Animals, D'Alton McCarthy loved, and from the day I first knew him until the last weeks of his life, he was followed by some special pet dog, whose affection for his master was pathetic to behold. I have heard men in the courtroom call him a hard man, but I have seen him as the tenderest nurse by a sick-bed, wonderful in his patience and intuitive solace for human suffering. I have seen him with his very own, of all ages, tender and indulgent to a fault, delighting not only in doing for those attached to him by the closest ties of blood, but drawing within his protection those who were connected only by ties of marriage. Home-loving to a degree, he spent lavishly what he made on beautiful establishments; but these were no grand mansions "cold and formal." He believed in living and he lived.

However busy and driven by his professional or political duties, D'Alton McCarthy was one of those men who always assembled his family and household for morning prayer, and was punctilious about his family's attendance at church. He never made any parade of his charitable actions, nor of his religious opinions, but only those who had seen him in the dark hours when illness and death closed upon those dear to him, could understand the profound reverence of the man for the truths of the religion of which his life was a vital profession of faith.

There was something unutterably lovable in the nature of the man to those who knew him best. Every member of his family revered even as

they loved him. The cordiality of family relationship was never for a moment strained, and those of his friends who had been fortunate enough to break through the barrier of sensitive reserve which some people felt, knew him, respected him and loved him as few men are privileged to be loved.

To the day of his death a certain boyish aspect of mind was apparent. Life was to him a constant revelation. The intense absorption of his early life in activities connected with business and politics, had left him with a mine of undiscovered wealth in the great world of literature, science and art. Had D'Alton McCarthy come of a race of soldiers rather than lawyers, he could not have evinced a greater interest in military tactics. The lives of celebrated generals, or the working out of a military campaign had for him the most decided fascination. His fighting and organizing powers are well known in this country, and had he been destined to live longer there is no saying what he might not have achieved.

The highly strung, sensitive nature of the man made him give, with lightning speed, blow for blow with precision and power, but in his later years dignity and restraint, and the absolute conviction that the ground upon which he stood was unassailable, made his demeanour in the House of Commons admirable beyond compare. Few of those who were present will ever forget the splendid dignity and restraint with which upon one notable occasion he met the attacks of his enemies. But this is not a political history of D'Alton McCarthy; it is merely an appreciation of a man who was a man—so fearless, light-hearted, open-handed, affectionate and trustworthy—that to those who loved him dearly, who reverence his memory, and who deplore his loss, D'Alton McCarthy will ever represent one of our best types of a manly man and a perfect gentleman.

*Amicus*



## MUSKOKA, THE SUMMER PLAY- GROUND OF CANADA

*By E. Maurice Smith*



ANADA, draped in her dazzling mantle of snow, is certainly deserving of the encomiums that have been from time to time showered upon her by enthusiastic visitors, but Canada, resplendent in the rich hues of summer—its broad fields and dense forests bathed in the warm rays of the sun, its noble rivers and lakes free from the grip of the frost king, is a thousandfold more beautiful. This truth is becoming more generally realized and appreciated, and to the one American who comes hither in winter to indulge in tobogganing and other sports, there are at least a hundred who spend their summer vacation in some favourite spot in our great Dominion. Canadians, too, are remaining within the borders of their own country where formerly they were wont

to seek the Maine coast or the mountains of New Hampshire—realizing at last that they have better at home than can be found elsewhere.

Niagara, the Thousand Islands and the numerous resorts that dot the lower St. Lawrence and Gulf, have all received their just meed of praise and patronage, but there is a pastoral region in northern Ontario which has not been so favoured, though in point of beauty it will take second place to none. Furthermore, by reason of its



MUSKOKA—A TYPICAL COTTAGE

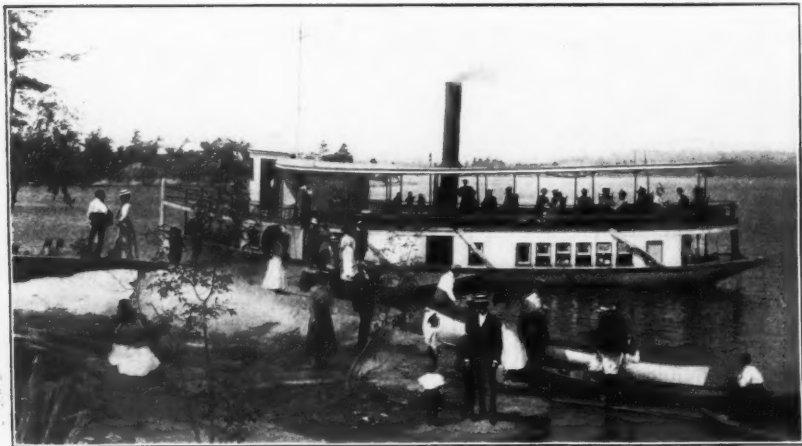


vastness and the variety of its attractions it might with reason lay claim to the title of "The Great Natural Playground of Canada." I refer, of course, to Muskoka.

For some years Muskoka has been known (as it deserves to be known) to a certain number of people, who have passed many delightful summers amid its charms either in cottage, camp or boarding house, and could not be tempted to make a change. But the public at large were not so fortunate. Muskoka signified nothing to them beyond a pleasant-sounding Indian word,

the memory of Muskoka. Even were I sufficiently gifted to do so I might easily be accused of exaggeration. Moreover, Muskoka can not be seen through the eyes of another, and no interpreter is required to explain its loveliness.

A magnificent expanse of country is Muskoka; no less than ten thousand square miles in extent—a thickly-wooded land where the sweet-scented pine and cedar flourish, and where, amid leafy bowers, myriads of song-birds find snug retreats; a land of wild and variegated beauty, studded with over eight hundred lakes of every shape



MUSKOKA—THE STEAMER'S DAILY CALL

and its charms might have blushed unseen so far as they were concerned had not the Grand Trunk Railway undertaken to exploit the region in a manner befitting its quality.

The camera and the pen have been used to good purpose, but they fall far short of doing justice to Muskoka—the former fails in colour, the latter in superlatives. Only a poet, and one familiar with Nature, can give an adequate idea of what there is to be seen in this great wonderland. I certainly do not hope to be able to reveal to the readers of this sketch the panorama of beauty which comes to my mind with

and size, and intersected with crystal streams. Cottages and camps nestle on the islands and along the shores of the larger lakes, and commodious steamers churn the waters that once bore only the weight of the birchbark; but despite these signs of habitation a peaceful rusticity overshadows the surroundings and draws sophisticated man under its spell.

It is worthy of note that Muskoka is one of the most beautiful spots in America, the average altitude of the region being about one thousand feet above sea level. Hay fever is unknown here and weak lungs become strength-

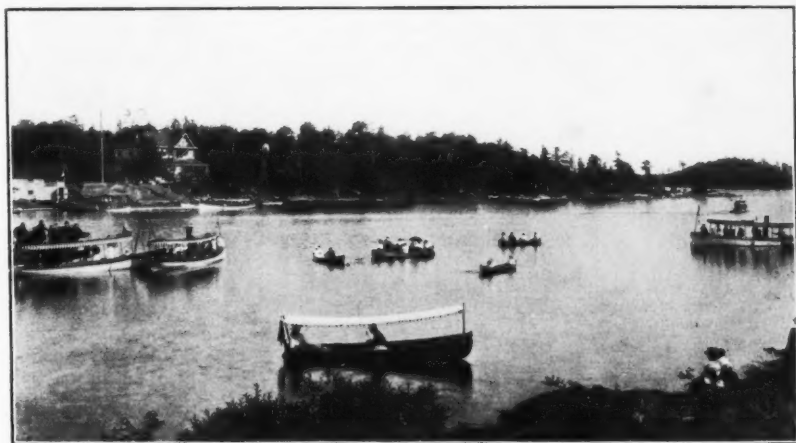
ened in the rarefied atmosphere. The convalescent waxes strong, and the man burdened with the worries of business regains his elasticity of step. We all require an outing every year to fit us for the encounters in our daily lives, and there is no place where so much benefit can be derived as in Muskoka.

The fishing in general is excellent. Naturally, the main sheets of water have to stand the repeated attacks of enthusiastic anglers, and the fish are in some instances apt to be wily, but though the limpid depths have yielded many a good catch, the supply is always equal to the demand. It is, however, in the less frequented lakes and rivers that the greatest results are obtained, and whether the string be bass, pickerel or lunge the sport is certain to be keen.



MUSKOKA—YACHTS AND SAILING SKIFFS AROUND

Muskoka is easy of access from all points in the United States and Canada. The Grand Trunk Railway, the only line that taps the region, operates a splendid service between Buffalo and Muskoka wharf at the foot of Lake Muskoka, where the traveller boards one of the steamers of the Muskoka Navigation Company. The steamers ply the three largest and most notable lakes—Muskoka, Joseph and Rosseau—and the trip through this



MUSKOKA—SCENE AT A PRIVATE REGATTA



A VIEW FROM THE VERANDAH OF THE "ROYAL MUSKOKA" HOTEL

chain is marked by entrancing scenery.

Steaming across broad stretches of shimmering water, with the wooded shores indistinct in the distance, one is impressed with the extent of these lakes, though it is when the boat enters an archipelago that the enthusiasm becomes greatest. Following the serpentine course of narrow channels, we twist in and out among islands of

the majority of people, and the erection, two years ago, of the palatial Royal Muskoka Hotel on the most beautiful of its many beautiful spots, has served to increase this popularity. The need of such an hotel had long been felt, for while there are many smaller hostelryes, extending all the way from Gravenhurst to Rosseau village, where one can obtain wholesome

food and comfortable rooms, there are those who demand all city comforts along with the beauties of Nature. The combination is to be found at the Royal Muskoka. It is a huge structure of noble proportions, its wide verandahs commanding a magnificent prospect of lake and island scenery. Within, the charm is in nowise lessened. The office and



MUSKOKA—A NAPHTHA-LAUNCH IS VERY USEFUL TO SEARCH OUT PLACES WHERE HUNGRY FISH AROUND

dining hall are both spacious and artistic, the walls being plastered in a soft, rough finish; the floors are of hard wood, highly polished and covered here and there with handsome rugs. The bedrooms are particularly attractive, in that they all have a pleasant outlook, by reason of the hotel being built in the form of a Y. Polished hard wood floors are also in evidence here, and each room is fitted with stationary wash-basins and running hot and cold water.

For those who do not care for such amphibious pastimes as boating, bathing and fishing there are tennis courts and golf links, the latter being exceedingly sporty and well looked after.

A minute's walk is sufficient to pass from luxurious surroundings to pristine grandeur. I know of no place where two extremes are so closely allied. Creeping roots entwine ponderous rocks like serpents, forming a network about them well-nigh impenetrable. Shiveringsaplings force a way into existence through the many layers of leaves long decayed—the faded glory of past summers, now the colourless pattern of earth's carpet. Ferns sport and thrive in every



MUSKOKA—THE STEAMERS CALL AT EVERY WHARF

nook and corner, fresh-looking and green, living amid the dead and drawing sustenance therefrom. Foul fungi raise their mushroom heads near to the trunks of great trees—silently white, but indicative of purities unseen. And soft moss overspreads all, making the rocks assume the mould of age and lichening the trees with damp beauty. It is here one feels the heart of Nature throbbing.

In addition to the Royal Muskoka,



MUSKOKA—FISHING IN THE RIVERS

Rosseau has other more modest resorts, such as Maplehurst, Windermere and Rosseau village, but it is not possible within the scope of this article to more than make mention of them.

Beaumaris, on Lake Muskoka, might easily attract many people, and I believe it does, while Bala, on the opposite side of the lake, secreted behind a network of islands, has many devotees.

Lake Joseph is rich in scenic effects, some of them not shared by the other lakes. Its waters are more translucent, its shores more rocky, and the general effect of the surroundings much wilder, with fewer signs of habitation. One could easily be tempted to pass a quiet holiday at Port Sandfield or at Port Cockburn.

### LASS OF THE NORTHERN PINE

THE summer brought me unto thee,  
 Light of Acadia,  
 A quest for mysteries of the wood,  
 The charm of Canada ;  
 But not until your shy, dark eyes  
 Had met an instant mine  
 I knew the loveliness of Clare—  
 Lass of the northern pine.

In thee I met Evangeline,  
 Returned unto the wood—  
 Evangeline the sweet and wise,  
 And beautiful and good ;  
 And I am Gabriel, I play,  
 And Gabriel's heart is thine,  
 No more to part—as in the tale—  
 Lass of the northern pine.

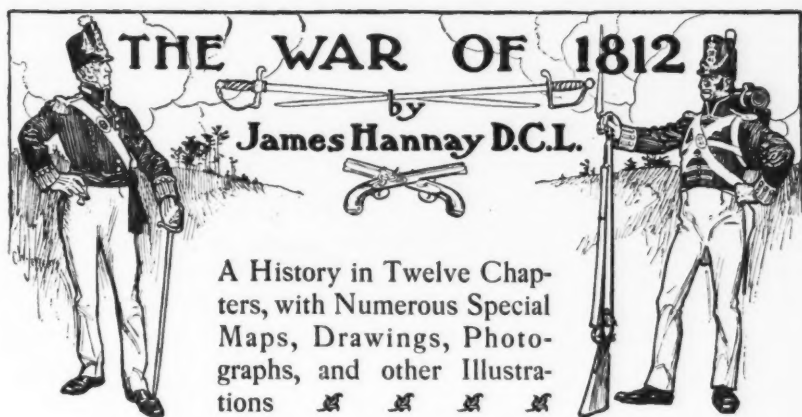
One with the rosary of lakes,  
 The village folk of Clare,  
 In spirit I am one with thee,  
 Evangeline the fair ;  
 And live a spirit's life beside  
 That house of rose and vine,  
 And thee abloom within the door—  
 Lass of the northern pine.

A little journey down the road  
 My empty cottage stands,  
 Planned with my ardent care for thee,  
 And built with these same hands  
 That come at twilight to your door  
 With Love, the guide divine,  
 To rest, and worship at your feet—  
 Lass of the northern pine.

The lap of August shall not reap  
 The shedding of the rose,  
 Ere summer crown thy virgin brow,  
 As pure as virgin snows,  
 With bridal wreath and bridal veil—  
 And in your troth, and mine,  
 Shall Gabriel wed Evangeline—  
 Lass of the northern pine.

Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

*Aloysius Coll*



A History in Twelve Chapters, with Numerous Special Maps, Drawings, Photographs, and other Illustrations

CHAPTER VII.—OGDENSBURG AND YORK

HAVING brought the story of the operations on the Detroit frontier down to the early summer of 1813, it now becomes necessary to go back to the beginning of the year for the purpose of relating the occurrences in other parts of the Canadian Provinces. The disasters which had befallen their armies in 1812 were very grievous to the people of the United States, and damaging to the prestige of their public men. Dr. Eustis, the Secretary of War, was forced to resign to appease the popular wrath, and was succeeded by John Armstrong, who had been Minister to France under President Jefferson, and had been appointed a brigadier-general at the beginning of the war. Armstrong divided the country into nine military districts, to each of which a general officer of the United States army was assigned, whose duty it was to superintend all the means of defence within his district. This was done to prevent any difficulty arising from the interference of governors of states opposed to the war. The failure of the attack on Canada had made the peace party in New England stronger and bolder. Josiah Quincy, whose honesty and patriotism no man could doubt, gave his countrymen his views on the war in a highly exasper-

ating fashion on the floor of Congress. Hildreth says:—"He denounced the invasion of Canada as a cruel, wanton, senseless and wicked attack, in which neither plunder nor glory was to be gained upon an unoffending people, bound to us by ties of blood and good neighbourhood; undertaken for the punishment over their shoulders, of another people 3,000 miles off, by young politicians fluttering and cackling on the floor of that House, half hatched, the shell still on their heads and their pin-feathers not yet shed—politicians to whom reason, justice, pity, were nothing, revenge everything." Speeches of this kind, however, only made the war party more resolute to conquer Canada. Acts were passed to increase the regular army to 56,000 men, all of which were to be employed in the invasion of Canada. Williams, of South Carolina, the Chairman of the Military Committee, voiced the plans and hopes of his belligerent countrymen when he said:—"The St. Lawrence must be crossed by a well-appointed army of 20,000 men, supported by a reserve of 10,000. At the same moment we move on Canada a corps of 10,000 must threaten Halifax from the State of Maine. The honour and character of the nation





HOW THE CITY OF BUFFALO REMEMBERS THE WAR OF 1812-14—A MEMORIAL TABLET IN BRASS

require that the British power on our borders should be annihilated the next campaign."

The news, which reached Washington in March, of the terrible disasters that had befallen their ally Napoleon in the Russian campaign, in which he lost about 450,000 men, was very disheartening to the American war party. All their hopes of sharing with this Corsican robber in the partition of the British Empire suddenly vanished in smoke, and although the United States might continue to play the part of a jackal to Bonaparte, they could now expect very little from him but kicks and contempt. Bonaparte, indeed, despised his American flatterers and parasites as much as he hated Republican institutions, and he omitted no opportunity of making them sensible of this fact. Yet the French Emperor, although his power was declining, was still formidable and all the energies of Great Britain were expended in efforts to complete his downfall. The war in the Spanish Peninsula, where Wellington was engaged in preparing for that glorious campaign which ended in the French armies being driven out of Spain, absorbed nearly all the soldiers that Britain could spare, and therefore the reinforcements which reached Canada in the year 1813, were very inadequate. The first that came was, how-

ever, doubly welcome, as much by reason of its origin as of the spirit that animated it. The King's New Brunswick Regiment, the 104th, in March traversed the wilderness from Fredericton to Quebec and was afterwards sent to Kingston for the reinforcement of Upper Canada. This regiment made the fifth Provincial corps of regulars employed in the defence of Canada, the others being the Glengarries, the Voltigeurs, the Canadian Fencibles and the Newfoundland Regt. The other regular regiments in Canada at this time

were a battalion of the 1st and 8th Regts., the 41st, 49th, 100th and 103rd—or six British regular regiments to five Colonial corps. The 104th Regt., when it arrived, was up to its full strength of 1,000 men and the Canadian regiments were filled up by recruits during the winter. In May Sir James L. Yeo arrived from England with a number of officers of the Royal Navy and 450 seamen for service on the Lakes. Part of the 10th Dragoons and 400 men of the 41st Regt. also arrived at Quebec in May. The 13th Regt., the 89th and the De Watteville Regt., the latter a foreign corps, recruited on the continent of Europe, completed the reinforcements of the year, but neither of the three last named arrived in time to take part in the earlier operations of the campaign. From these facts the real weakness of the British force in Canada will be understood. In the spring of 1813 it is doubtful if there were as many as 7,000 regular troops in Canada which was menaced with an invasion by three separate armies of Americans, who had more than 50,000 regular soldiers, and an unlimited number of militia at their disposal.

The Americans, by means of their spies, were kept fully informed of the weakness of the British garrisons in Canada, and this fact induced War

Secretary Armstrong to propound a plan of operations with a view to the reduction of the whole of Upper Canada between Prescott on the St. Lawrence and Lake Erie, including all the intermediate posts. "On this line of frontier," wrote he, "the enemy have, at Prescott three hundred, at Kingston six hundred, at (Forts) George and Erie twelve hundred, making a total of regular troops of two thousand and one hundred. Kingston and Prescott and the destruction of the British ships at the former would present the first object; York and the frigates said to be building there the second; George and Erie the third. The force to be employed in this service should not be less than six thousand, because in this first enterprise of a second campaign, nothing must, if possible, be left to chance." Here we have the American plan of invasion fully disclosed and the strength of the British forces accurately stated.

General Dearborn, who had the Army of the North under his immediate command, had a force of upwards of six thousand regulars at the beginning of the year 1813. Early in February orders were given for the concentration of four thousand regulars at Sackett's Harbour and three thousand at Buffalo. The Sackett's Harbour army was to cross the ice to Kingston, capture that place, destroy all the shipping there and then proceed to York and seize the army stores and



BISHOP STRACHAN

In 1811, Lieutenant-Governor Gore offered him the parish of York and Brock offered him the Chaplaincy of the troops. He accepted and reached York from Cornwall in 1812. In April, 1813, he was most active during the attack upon the town, and was one of those who conducted the negotiations for capitulation. The people owed much to his activity and fearless courage.

vessels there. This promising scheme was never carried out or even attempted, mainly it would seem because of an absurd rumour which was current that Sir George Prevost was at Kingston with six or eight thousand men preparing for an attack on the United States frontier.

Instead of an attack on Kingston by the American army, the Canadians were treated to a raid on Brockville by Major Forsyth, some of whose exploits have already been related. Forsyth was stationed at Ogdensburg, the people of which were so intensely patriotic that it had become a sort of focus for

the gathering of raiding parties against Canada. On the night of the 6th of February he left that place with 200 riflemen and volunteers and a number of citizens to attack Brockville. As Brockville was without defences or garrison, there was no difficulty in capturing the little village. This heroic American party broke open the jail and liberated the prisoners. They dragged all the adult male inhabitants, 52 in number, out of their beds and marched them back to Ogdensburg as prisoners. They also carried away with them 120 muskets that they found packed up in cases, 20 rifles and two kegs of fixed ammunition. They did not omit to rob the people of Brockville of their horses, cattle, pigs and poultry as well as of any movables they found in their houses. This was apparently the feature of the expedition which had induced the citizens of Ogdensburg to join it, and had filled them with such an excessive supply of pure and ardent patriotism.

Lieut.-Colonel Pearson, who commanded at Prescott, on the 19th February sent Lieut.-Col. G. Macdonell of the Glengarries, with a flag of truce to Ogdensburg, to protest against such raids as the one above described. This officer, however, received nothing but insolence from the Americans, so it was resolved to clear out this nest of robbers. A day or two later, Sir George Prevost arrived at Prescott, on his way to Kingston. Lieut.-Col. Macdonell, who had succeeded to the command at Prescott, informed him of the recent outrages on the frontier and asked permission to attack Ogdensburg, which the Commander-in-chief refused to grant. Col. Macdonell then represented to Sir George the danger he would be in of being cut off by the enemy, unless a force was sent ahead to occupy the roads, and this Sir George graciously permitted him to do. He very reluctantly agreed to allow Macdonell to make a demonstration on the ice before Ogdensburg, in order to discover if the American troops had left it, but any real attack was absolutely forbidden. Lest there

should be any doubt of the nature of his instructions, Sir George forwarded a letter from Flint's Inn, nine miles from Prescott, to Col. Macdonell, which the latter received in the heat of the battle, repeating his orders not to make any attack. Mr. James, whose books on the Military and Naval Occurrences of the War cannot be too highly estimated, states that he had seen this letter before he wrote his history. Sir George's reason for not permitting an attack was, that he did not wish to keep alive a spirit of hostility. The Canadian reader will understand from this the kind of odds his fathers had to contend against in the defence of their country. Not only had they to resist an active and unscrupulous enemy, but they had to do so in spite of the opposition of a commander-in-chief, who did not wish to offend the dear Americans who were engaged in the work of robbery and murder on every convenient occasion.

Fortunately for the people of the St. Lawrence frontier, Col. Macdonell resolved to turn the demonstration into a real attack. As soon as Sir George Prevost had fairly turned his back on Prescott on the morning of the 22nd February, Macdonell began to make his preparations. Forsyth, who commanded at Ogdensburg, had been informed by deserters of the meditated attack, and had plenty of time to take such measures as were considered necessary to resist it. He had eight cannon mounted, six 6-pounders, a 9-pounder and a 12-pounder. Five of these were on the west side of the Oswegatchie river, and the other three in the village on the east side. American histories are very reticent as to the number of men they had at Ogdensburg, but as Forsyth's riflemen were all there, besides a company of volunteers and a body of militia, their force cannot be estimated at less than 500.

Lieut.-Col. Macdonell's detachment, with which he ventured to assail Ogdensburg, numbered 480, and consisted of 210 regulars and 270 militia. It was divided into two columns; the right commanded by Captain Jenkins,

of the Glengarry Regt., with his own flank company of that excellent corps, and 70 militia; the left under the command of Lieut.-Col. Macdonell himself with 120 of the 8th Regt., 40 of the Newfoundland Regt., and 200 militia. With this column were three guns, a 6-pounder and two 3-pounders, manned by 11 artillerymen. This force appeared on the ice which then covered the St. Lawrence about seven o'clock in the morning and advanced resolutely towards Ogdensburg. Forsyth had expressed a great desire to meet Macdonell on the ice on the day that the latter went to Ogdensburg with the flag of truce, but when the opportunity came he showed no inclination to carry out his part of the contract, but skulked behind the shelter of his batteries. As the river at this point is a mile and a half in width the Americans had a splendid opportunity of decimating the British force with their cannon, and they availed themselves of it to the fullest extent. As they bravely marched across the river, both columns, but especially the right, suffered severely from the enemy's fire.

The duty of the right column, which was directed against the old fort in which Forsyth and his riflemen were stationed, was to check the enemy's left and intercept his retreat, while the right column advanced and captured the town. Captain Jenkins' column was exposed to heavy fire from five guns which he attempted to take with the bayonet, although covered by 200 of the enemy's best troops, but the snow on the American side of the river being deep, greatly impeded his movements. Advancing as rapidly as the exhausted state of his men from this cause, would admit, he ordered a charge, but had not proceeded many paces when his left arm was shattered by a grape shot; but still undauntedly running on with his men, he almost immediately afterwards was deprived of the use of his right arm by a discharge of case shot. Still heroically disregarding the terrible pain which he suffered, he ran on, nobly cheering his

men to the assault, until he fell exhausted by loss of blood. His company gallantly continued the charge under Lieut. MacAulay, but the reserve of militia not being able to keep up with them, they were compelled, by the great superiority in numbers and the fire of the enemy, to retire.

The left column had, in the meantime, fully accomplished its assigned task. Pushing on rapidly it gained the bank of the river, under the direct fire of the enemy's artillery and musketry, which were posted on an eminence near the shore. The advance, consisting of the forty men of the Newfoundland Regt. and some selected militia under Lieut. Ridge of the 8th, went directly at the enemy, while Lieut.-Col. Macdonell turned his right with the one hundred and twenty men of the 8th Regt., and after a few discharges of the artillery took them with the bayonet and drove the Americans through the town, the majority escaping to the woods. Some fled across the Oswegatchie river to the fort, and others took shelter in the houses from which they kept up such a galling fire that it was necessary to dislodge them with the British field pieces, which had been left stuck in the deep snow on landing, but were now brought up from the bank of the river. Having gained the high ground on the brink of the Oswegatchie, opposite the fort, Lieut.-Col. Macdonell prepared to carry it by storm, but, to give his men time to recover their breath after their exhausting toil, he sent a summons to Forsyth requiring the unconditional surrender of the fort. As there was some hesitation about doing this, Macdonell instantly carried the enemy's Eastern battery, and by it silenced another. He then ordered to the front the detachment of the 8th Regt. and the Highland company of militia under Capt. Eustace, and they gallantly rushed into the fort. The enemy did not await the shock of an encounter, but escaped by the opposite entrance and fled to the woods. Forsyth and his men, the heroes of Brockville raid, never stopped running until they had put nine English miles







WESTERN ENTRANCE TO TORONTO BAY, LOOKING WEST FROM THE BAY, AS IT APPEARED IN 1838. THE FORT AND BARRACKS OVERLOOKED THIS ENTRANCE.—FROM A WATER-COLOUR IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY



who commanded the fleet. As the Americans had now control of Lake Ontario, it was resolved, first to send an expedition to capture York and then to cross the lake and reduce Fort George. York, the capital of Upper Canada, was then a town of 900 inhabitants, situated just to the westward of the Don River, on a site now covered by a part of the city of Toronto. At York, a 24-gun ship was being built for the lake fleet, and a considerable quantity of ammunition and supplies was stored there, yet so great was the neglect with which this important post was treated by Sir George Prevost, that it was almost without defences. Two miles to the westward of the town was old Fort Toronto, erected by the French, which had been suffered to go to ruin. Half a mile east of this was the Western battery; beyond it was the Half Moon battery, and still further east, on the borders of a small stream which flowed through a deep ravine, was a picketed blockhouse and some intrenchments. Here the garrison was stationed. It consisted of about 60 men of the Glengarry Regt., nearly a company of the Newfoundland Regt. and a few artillerymen. The 3rd York Militia, about 300 strong, was also stationed there. The entire force available for the defence of the place did not exceed 420 men. Very few guns were mounted on the fortifications, and most of these were without trunnions and were set on wooden stocks with iron hoops. The 10-gun brig *Duke of Gloucester*, which was in port for repairs, supplied a few six-pounders which were mounted on temporary field works, but the heavy carronades intended for the new ship that was being built at York, which might have been placed in batteries, had been thrown carelessly in the mud, where they lay covered with ice and snow. Such was the defenceless condition of the capital of Upper Canada in the spring of 1813. For the weakness of the garrison and for the incredible folly of building a new warship at a place so poorly guarded, Sir George Prevost must be held responsible, but Major-General Sheaffe, who commanded

at York, was also greatly to blame, because he did not put the limited means at his disposal to a better use. Had the guns of the new ship been mounted in battery, as they should have been, York could have been held even against the overwhelming odds brought against it, and a long train of misfortunes which followed its capture would have been avoided.

On the 25th of April, the American expedition against York set sail from Sackett's Harbour. Commodore Chauncey, who commanded the fleet, had 14 vessels, 13 of them ships of war, mounting 84 guns, 11 of them long 32 and 24-pounders, with crews numbering in the aggregate 700 men. The number of troops on board was, according to Commodore Chauncey's official report, "about 1,700," but it was probably more than 2,000, for it embraced Forsyth's riflemen, Colonel McClure's volunteers, four regiments of the U.S. infantry, the 6th, 15th, 16th and 21st, and a considerable body of artillery. This formidable force made its appearance before York on the early morning of the 27th of April and by 7 o'clock the troops had commenced to land. At this time the 8th Regt. was being transferred from Kingston to Fort George on the Niagara frontier, and two companies of this gallant corps, numbering 180 rank and file, had halted at York the evening before the Americans arrived. This increased the number of regulars available for the defence of the place to about 300 men, but it would have been better if they had been absent, as thereby valuable lives would have been saved, which were sacrificed in a hopeless attempt to hold against overwhelming numbers a place that was indefensible. In addition to the 600 regulars, militia and dockyard men at York, there were about 50 Indians under Major Givins.

The Americans effected a landing about half a mile to the westward of old Fort Toronto, under the protection of the guns of the fleet. The first party to land was Forsyth's riflemen, 250 strong. Major Givins and 40 of his Indians was the only force present

to oppose them at that point, the company of Glengarry light infantry which had been ordered to support them, having by some mistake been led in another direction, so that it came late into action. By the time the Glengarry Company had reached the point of attack, Forsyth's men had been reinforced by a battalion of infantry under Major King, and the invaders were too powerful to be successfully resisted. The main body of the enemy under General Pike was speedily landed with the artillery and advanced along the shore, but they had not proceeded far when they encountered the British reinforcements in a thick wood. These consisted of the 180 men of the 8th Regt. already mentioned, 40 men of the Newfoundland Regt. and 250 men of the 3rd York Militia. These with the Glengarry Company and the Indians formed a body of less than 600 men, or about one-third of the force of Americans now landed. Yet against such overwhelming odds they maintained a long and obstinate contest which was not terminated until they were fairly overpowered by weight of numbers. More than once the enemy were driven back by their gallant charges, but the heavy losses they had suffered at length made it necessary for them to retire to the Western Battery which was then engaged with the enemy's vessels. Here a stand was to have been made, but as the Americans approached, the magazine, the head of which had been carelessly left open, blew up, killing and wounding about 40 men, and so seriously damaging the battery that it became untenable. The cannon were immediately spiked and the work abandoned.

The contest had by this time been maintained for about seven hours, and General Sheaffe became convinced that his numbers and means of defence were inadequate to the task of keeping possession of York against the vast superiority of force brought against it. The troops were withdrawn towards the town and were finally ordered to retreat on the road to Kingston, the new ship on the

stocks and the naval stores were destroyed, and the powder magazine in the battery near the barracks was blown up. This last act proved extremely disastrous to the Americans. They had cautiously approached the battery and Lieut. Riddle had been sent forward to reconnoitre, and ascertain the strength of the garrison, while their main body remained halted, when the magazine blew up with a prodigious shock and with dreadful effect. It is said to have contained 500 barrels of gunpowder, and an immense quantity of shot and shell, and the latter with the stone and timber from the building were scattered in every direction over a space of several hundred yards. Fifty-two of the Americans were instantly killed, and 180 others were wounded, many of them mortally. The terrified invaders scattered in dismay in every direction, and it took their officers a long time to rally them although none of the British were near. Among the mortally injured were General Pike and his two aides. The former was sitting on a stump, with his staff standing about him, and engaged in questioning a British sergeant who had been made prisoner, when a heavy mass of stone struck him on the back and crushed him. He was removed to one of the vessels, but died within the hour.

When the Americans had recovered from the panic into which they had been thrown by the explosion, they advanced towards the town where they were met by Lieut.-Col. Chewett and Major Wm. Allan of the 3rd York Militia who proposed a capitulation. The terms, which were speedily agreed upon, were that the troops at the post, regulars and militia, and the naval officers and seamen should be surrendered prisoners of war; that all public stores, naval and military, should be given up; that all private property should be guaranteed to the citizens, and that the papers belonging to the civil officers should be retained by them. The number of prisoners surrendered under this capitulation was



SIR JAMES L. YEO

who arrived in Canada in May, 1813, with a number of officers of the Royal Navy and 450 seamen. He was with Sir George Prevost in his attack on Sackett's Harbour and shared in the disgrace of that occasion when British troops "were simply led back from a victorious field by an incompetent General."

292, viz., 265 officers and men of the 3rd York Militia, 21 officers and artificers of the Provincial Navy, and six British regulars. The total loss of the regulars at York was 60 killed, 34 wounded, 43 wounded and prisoners, 10 prisoners and seven missing, a total of 154, or about one-half of the regular force engaged. Counting the missing as prisoners, the total number taken by the Americans, of militia and regulars, under the capitulation and outside of it, was 346. General Sheaffe, with a negligence too common among the British officers at that period, makes no mention of the killed and wounded among the militia, but the number was about 50. Among those slain was Mr. D. McLean, the Clerk of the House of Assembly, who

had attached himself to the 8th Regt. as a volunteer. In this act, as well as by the manner of his death, he well illustrated the spirit of the Canadian people.

General Sheaffe with the remnant of his regulars, now reduced to 180 men, including 34 wounded, crossed the Don and retreated to Kingston, which was reached in safety. When a few miles from York the light company of the 8th Regt. was met on its way to Fort George. It retired with General Sheaffe's little force and covered its retreat, which was effected without molestation. The Americans lost at York in killed and wounded, 286, of which 66 were killed on shore and 17 killed or wounded in the fleet. The prisoners taken by them were paroled, and, as the *Duke of Gloucester* was unseaworthy without large repairs, the value of the spoil taken was very

slight. It was here that they committed an act of vandalism that brought upon the American people at a later day severe retribution. They set fire to the Parliament buildings and these with their contents were entirely consumed. These buildings consisted of two handsome halls with convenient offices for the accommodation of the Legislature and Courts of Justice. The library and all the papers and records belonging to these institutions were consumed at the same time. The church was robbed, and even the town library pillaged. "Commodore Chauncey," says Colonel John Clarke in his *Memoirs*, "was so ashamed of this last transaction, that he endeavoured to collect the books belonging to the town and Legislative

Library, and actually sent back two boxes filled with them, but hardly any were complete. Much private property was plundered, and several houses left in a state of ruin." It was thus that the Americans observed the terms of the capitulation, by which the safety of all private property and of the papers belonging to the civil officers, was guaranteed.

The capture of York was the first serious misfortune that befel the British in Canada during the war, and it was one that might have been prevented. If York was not worth holding, there was no necessity for keeping troops there, but if it was worth holding, it should have had proper defences. If General Sheaffe, instead of a few popgun six-pounders, with which he

armed the batteries, had placed upon them the guns of the new ship that was being built, Chauncey's fleet would have been forced to keep at a respectful distance, and a landing could hardly have been effected.

These guns comprised a long 24-pounder, 8 long 18, 4 short 18, and 10 short 32-pounders. With such a battery as that at the entrance of the harbour, York would have been safe. General Sheaffe, who had been made a baronet of the United Kingdom for his services at Queenstown, was not afforded another opportunity of mismanaging the military affairs of Upper Canada, but was soon afterwards superseded in the chief command of the Province by Major-General De Rottenburg.



#### CHAPTER VIII.—FORT GEORGE AND SACKETT'S HARBOUR

AS the Americans had no intention of holding York, their expedition to that place can be regarded only in the light of a raid for the destruction of property. They now proceeded to prepare for the main object of the campaign, the occupation of the Niagara frontier. Dearborn and Chauncey were detained in York by adverse winds and bad weather until the eighth of May, when they crossed the lake and encamped their troops at Four Mile Creek to the eastward of Fort Niagara. More troops and supplies were hurried forward from Sackett's Harbour, and by the 26th of May, the day before the attack, there were about 6,000 American soldiers available for an attack on Fort George, in addition to the seamen of the fleet. These consisted of three brigades of infantry under Generals Boyd, Winder and Chandler, besides riflemen and artillery. There was also the garrison of Fort Niagara under General Morgan Lewis, and a reserve formed of the marines and seamen of the fleet and Macombs' regiment of artillery. A sufficient number of boats had been built to embark the whole force at once.

Against these extensive preparations for the conquest of Canada, the British had very little to show. The whole British force on the Niagara frontier was about 1,800 regulars and 600 militia. The former consisted of the 49th Regt. and of detachments from the 8th, 41st, Glengarry and Newfoundland regiments, and the Royal Artillery. The militia were from the counties of Norfolk, Lincoln and York. These troops were under the command of Brigadier-General John Vincent. At Fort George, the point of attack, were eight companies of the 49th, five companies of the 8th, three companies of the Glengarry and two of the Newfoundland Regt., a few men from the 41st Regt., and 30 of the Royal Artillery with two, three, and five six-pounders and a five and a half-inch howitzer. The whole numbered less than 1,000, rank and file of regulars. There were also at Fort George 350 militia and 50 Indians. Nor did the character of the defences make amends for the inadequacy of the force. Four of the 24-pounders captured from Hull had been mounted on Fort George, but that work was so badly situated that

it did not command the whole of the lake shore within the range of its cannon, as it should have done. A fifth 24-pounder was mounted *en barbette* on a battery near the lighthouse, half a mile to the north of Newark. A nine-pounder was also similarly mounted near One Mile Creek to the westward of Newark, the point where the Americans landed.

On the morning of the 27th all the troops of the enemy, with their artillery, were embarked in the numerous boats and in the armed vessels, and before four o'clock the whole flotilla moved towards the mouth of the Niagara River. The morning was calm and foggy, a circumstance which proved of great advantage to the invaders, as it prevented the cannon of Fort George from playing upon them as they took their stations. As the sun rose, the fog cleared away and disclosed the enemy in position for the attack. The schooners *Julia* and *Growler* were placed at the mouth of the Niagara River to silence the 24-pounder mounted *en barbette* near the lighthouse. Each of these vessels carried a long 32-pounder and a long 12-pounder, so that each was double the force of the battery. The *Ontario*, which also mounted a long 32-pounder and a long 12-pounder, took up a position north of the lighthouse so as to enfilade the same battery and cross the fire of the other two. The 24-pounder, which was manned by militia artillery, had to be spiked and abandoned after the cannonade had lasted about 15 minutes. Mr. James, in his "Military Occurrences," expresses the opinion that this gun should have sunk one or two of the enemy's schooners and hints that those who manned it did not do their duty. But it must be remembered that the 24-pounder, besides the direct attack by the three long 32-pounders and three long 12-pounders on the schooners, was commanded by the guns of Fort Niagara, and exposed to deadly discharges of grape from that quarter. There is no doubt that the gun was worked as long as possible by the militia who manned it.

The schooners *Tompkins* and *Conquest* were stationed near One Mile Creek so as to command the nine-pounder mounted there, which was also manned by militia artillery. These vessels each carried a long 32-pounder, a long 12-pounder and four long six-pounders. The point of landing for most of the troops was near this battery, and, for the purpose of covering the movement, the *Hamilton*, *Asp* and *Scourge* took stations as close to the shore as the depth of the water would allow. These vessels carried between them two long 32-pounders, two long 24-pounders, eight long 6-pounders and eight 12-pounder carronades. The ship *Madison*, carrying 24 32-pounder carronades; brig *Oneida*, with 16 24-pounder carronades, and schooner *Lady of the Lake*, with a long nine, were also placed so as to sweep the shore and do as much damage as possible to the British. With such powerful protection and such an immense superiority in numbers the Americans could well afford to be cool and confident in their movements.

The Americans had judiciously chosen a landing place which put the town of Newark between them and Fort George, and thereby effectually prevented the fire of the latter from reaching them. General Dearborn, the American commander, on this occasion, as at York, took good care not to expose his valuable person to injury, but allowed his Adjutant-General, Colonel Winfield Scott, to lead the attack. The force under Scott's immediate command, numbered, according to American authority, 500, comprising the 2nd U.S. Artillery, acting as infantry, Forsyth's riflemen and detachments from infantry regiments. They were supported by General Lewis's division with Porter's command of light artillery. These were followed by the brigades of Generals Boyd, Winder and Chandler.

Practically these troops all landed about the same time. The level plateau to the north of Newark was so thoroughly swept by the fire from the American vessels that it was almost



impossible for troops to face it, and the enemy, therefore, had little difficulty in reaching the shore, which was entirely bare of British soldiers. The place of landing was at a point about half a mile to the westward of the lighthouse, and not far from a ravine where the British advance, composed of about 200 rank and file of the Glengarry and Newfoundland Regiments, under Captain Winter, and 40 Indians under Norton, was stationed. This detachment inflicted some loss on Scott's men as they approached, and delayed the landing for a short time by their fire, but such a shower of grape was turned upon them from the vessels that they were obliged to fall back upon the left column, which was stationed in another ravine about a quarter of a mile

in their rear. This column was composed of 320 rank and file of the 8th Regiment, and 160 militia, with three light field pieces manned by a few men of the Royal Artillery and 41st Regiment. It was commanded by Colonel Myers, the

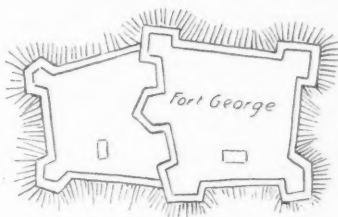
Acting Quartermaster-General. The 9-pounder mounted near the place of landing had by this time been effectually silenced by the killing or wounding of all the militia artillery who manned it, so that General Boyd's brigade was able to reach the shore almost without opposition. The brigades of Winder and Chandler followed in quick succession.

When the enemy to the number of about four thousand had landed, they advanced in three solid columns, their right covered by a large body of riflemen, and their left and front by the fire of the shipping and the guns of Fort Niagara. On the plateau they encountered the little detachment of Colonel Myers, which, united to the remnant of the advance party, numbered about 650 rank and file.

The struggle that ensued was fierce and illustrated the bravery of the British troops and Canadian militia in the most striking manner. Despite the dreadful losses they suffered by grape and round shot from the enemy's vessels, they drove back the Americans several times, and only gave ground when compelled to do so by the thinning of their ranks and the overwhelming numbers of the foe. The British force lost about two-thirds of its strength. Of the 320 of the 8th Regt. engaged 202 were killed or wounded. Of the 200 of the Glengarries and Newfoundland Regt. 114 were placed hors de combat; while the killed and wounded among the militia amounted to 85 out of the 160 engaged. Who will say that the glory was not equal

where the losses were so fairly balanced? The Canadian Militia at Newark, as in all the battles of the war, emulated the steadiness of the disciplined regulars, and showed themselves worthy of their brave fathers who settled the wilderness of Upper

Canada. Colonel Myers was wounded in three places and obliged to quit the field. Lieut.-Colonel Harvey, the Deputy Adjutant-General, who commanded the right column, succeeded Colonel Myers, leaving his own column in charge of Lieut.-Colonel Plenderleath with orders to move it forward. This column, which consisted of 400 rank and file of the 49th Regt. and 80 militia advanced to the support of the left and protected its retreat, which had now become necessary. General Vincent, seeing the hopelessness of further prolonging the contest, ordered his men to retire to the Indian council house half a mile in the rear of Newark, and about the same distance from Fort George. Here, while awaiting the advance of the enemy, it was learned that an American force had been sent to turn the



PLAN OF FORT GEORGE



left flank of the British and cut off their retreat to Burlington Heights. As Fort George was untenable, not a moment was to be lost. Orders were sent to its small garrison of 50 of the 49th Regt. and 80 Militia to evacuate it, after blowing up its magazines and spiking its guns. Messengers were also despatched in haste to Lieut.-Colonel Bisshopp, who commanded at Fort Erie, and to Major Ormsby at Chippewa directing them to evacuate their posts immediately and march to the Beaver Dam, sixteen miles from Fort George. General Vincent now retired with his sadly reduced army to Beaver Dam, which was reached about eight o'clock the same evening. There he was joined at a later hour by all the detachments from Chippewa to Fort Erie, under Lieut.-Colonel Bisshopp, as well as by the light, and one battalion company of the 8th and a few sailors under Capt. Barclay, who had been escorted from Twenty Mile Creek by Captain Merritt of the Niagara Dragoons.

The contest at Newark lasted from three to four hours, and reflected as much credit on the British and Canadian troops engaged in it as it was possible to obtain in a battle that was lost. The regulars had 52 killed outright and 306 wounded or missing, a total of 358. The militia lost upwards of 100 in killed and wounded, although not more than two-thirds of the 350 on the field were closely engaged. Losing, after correctly stating the number of the militia at Newark at 350, tells his readers four pages farther on, that 507 of the militia were made prisoners. None of the unwounded militia were made prisoners, and the only unwounded prisoners taken were a few men of the 49th Regt., who delayed their retirement from Fort George until it was too late. General Dearborn in his official despatch, only claims 100 unwounded prisoners, which is more than double the real number. But for a week after the battle of Newark his officers were engaged in visiting all the farmhouses on the Niagara frontier, and in paroling all their male inhabitants, so

it is quite possible that as many as 507 names were obtained in this way. The Americans state their own losses at Newark at 40 killed and 111 wounded, which shows that despite the advantages of their position and the protection they received from their fleet, they were severely handled by the small force opposed to them.

The result of the capture of Fort George was the occupation by the Americans of the whole Niagara frontier. This result would not have been attained but for the loss of the control of Lake Ontario the preceding autumn. Had Sir George Prevost been an active officer he would have seen that this loss was promptly repaired, and measures taken to again obtain the control of the lake as soon as navigation opened. But of the two new vessels laid down for the reinforcement of the British fleet, neither was completed when the lake harbours were clear of ice, and one, as has been seen, was destroyed when York was taken. The other, which was named the *Wolfe*, was not ready for service until the end of May, although Sir James Yeo, who was to command the British fleet on Lake Ontario, had been at Kingston as early as the 10th of that month. This delay was fatal to Newark and Fort George. A vigilant commander-in-chief would have had both his ships built at Kingston and one of them, at least, ready for sea at the very earliest moment of lake navigation. Had this been done, York could not have been attacked and the invasion of the Niagara frontier would have failed.

On the very day that Fort George was captured by the Americans, Sir George Prevost and Sir James Yeo set out on an expedition from Kingston, which was to illustrate in a striking manner the entire unfitness of the former for the command of any enterprise which demanded energy and daring. Sackett's Harbour, although in April it was occupied by 5,000 regulars, 2,000 militia and 1,300 sailors, had been so denuded of its troops by the expedition against Fort George,

that it was believed by Sir James Yeo it could be taken if vigorously attacked. The commander-in-chief gave his consent to an attempt on the place, but destroyed all hope of the success of the expedition by undertaking to lead it himself. On the evening of the 27th of May

Sir James Yeo's fleet set sail for Sackett's Harbour. The land forces on board consisted of the Grenadier Company of the 100th Regiment, a section of the 1st (Royal Scots), two companies of the 8th, four of the 104th, two of the Canadian Voltigeurs and one company of the Glengarry light infantry, with two six-pounders and their gunners, numbering altogether about 750 rank and file. About 40 Indians also accompanied the expedition with their canoes. Before noon on the following day the British fleet was off Sackett's Harbour; the breeze was moderate, the weather fine and bright and everything favourable for an attack. Sir George Prevost seems also to have thought the time suitable, for the fleet was ordered to stand in close to the shore, and as the vessels lay to, the troops were transferred to the boats. When they had been in them for some time awaiting the signal to advance they were perplexed and astonished by an order to return to the fleet. They were again placed on board the ships which now stood away from Sackett's Harbour. The cause of this sudden abandonment of the attempt to land on that occasion has never been satisfactorily explained. American writers attribute it to the appearance of a flotilla of 19 American gunboats off Stony Point. These



SACKETT'S HARBOUR WAS ATTACKED BY THE BRITISH ON MAY 29TH, THE DEFENDERS NUMBERED 1,300, THE ATTACKERS 750. THE BRITISH LANDED ON HORSE ISLAND, FORDED TO THE MAINLAND, AND MADE AN ATTACK IN TWO COLUMNS. JUST AS BRITISH SUCCESS SEEMED ASSURED, SIR GEORGE PREVOST ORDERED A RETIREMENT. THE BARRACKS AND STOREHOUSES WERE DESTROYED.

boats contained a detachment of dismounted dragoons for Sackett's Harbour, and as soon as the Indians saw them they gave chase. Seven of the boats escaped, but the other 12 with 70 of their occupants, were captured by Lieut. Dobbs, of the *Wolfe*, with the ship's boats, which went in support of the Indians.

Had Sackett's Harbour been attacked the first day the fleet appeared, it would have been captured almost without a blow. Then the fleet could have approached the shore and shelled the Americans out of their works while the British effected a landing. The defenders of the place did not expect an attack and were, in a large measure, unprepared for it. But the kindness of Sir George Prevost, who did not wish to offend the Americans, or keep alive a spirit of hostility, gave them ample warning, and during the afternoon and night of the 28th, reinforcements were hurried to Sackett's Harbour from the outlying country. It is not unlikely that Sir George Prevost would have carried his consideration for the Americans so far as to spare them any attack whatever, but for the strong remonstrances of Sir James Yeo, who did not understand and could not be made to see the beauties of the commander-in-chief's system of making war. It was, therefore, set-

tled that the attempt was to be made on the morning of the 29th.

The defences of Sackett's Harbour consisted of Fort Tompkins, a considerable work comprising a strong blockhouse and surrounding intrenchments on the west side of the harbour, and Fort Volunteer on the east side of the harbour. The latter was surrounded by a ditch with a strong line of picketing. The garrison, according to the statement of the American General Wilkinson, on the morning of the attack numbered 1,300 men, of which only 350 were militia. There were 313 Light Dragoons, 142 artillery, 332 infantry and 165 Albany Volunteers, or 950 regularly trained soldiers, besides the militia. The defenders of Sackett's Harbour were nearly twice as numerous as the attacking force, which numbered less than 750.

At dawn on the 29th the British embarked in 33 boats and accompanied by two small gunboats advanced towards Sackett's Harbour. There was not a breath of wind stirring, and, owing to this fact, the vessels of the fleet were becalmed eight miles away and, therefore, were unable to take any part in the attack. The only artillery, with the land force, two 6-pounders with the men who manned the guns, were on board of a light schooner which was expected to reach the landing place at the same time as the infantry, but, instead of this being the case, the vessel did not get to the shore at all, so the attack had to be made without artillery. Thus, owing to the stupidity or worse of Sir George Prevost, the success of the enterprise was rendered almost impossible.

The British landed on Horse Island, under the fire of a long 32-pounder on Fort Tompkins, and such field guns as the Americans could bring to bear upon them. The island, which is 2,000 yards to the westward of Fort Tompkins, is separated from the mainland by a shallow strait, which is always fordable and sometimes almost dry. This strait, which, with the approach, formed a causeway 400 yards in length, had to be traversed by the

attacking column in the face of the Albany Volunteers and the militia, numbering altogether about 500, who, with a 6-pounder, occupied a favourable position on the shore for destroying the British as they advanced. They were posted behind a ridge of gravel which afforded them an excellent shelter, and as they had been talking in the most valiant manner and appeared to be consumed with martial ardour, it was expected they would make a desperate stand. But the moment the British approached, the Grenadiers of the 100th Regt. gallantly leading, the valiant militia were seized with a panic and fled in wild confusion, leaving their 6-pounder behind them. That no injustice may be done to these paladins of New York State, it will be proper to quote what an American author says of their conduct. "General Brown," says this writer, "expected the militia would have remained firm until the enemy were finally on the main. But their movement was so sudden, general and rapid, that he found himself completely alone, not a man standing within several rods of him. Stung by this shameful conduct, he ran after the fugitives and endeavoured to arrest their flight. His efforts were unavailing. Forgetful of their promises of courage, and unmindful of the orders they had received to rally in the woods in the event of their being driven back, they continued their flight until they were sure of being out of harm's way. Some of them were not heard of again during the day."

The British, after reaching the mainland, separated into two columns, the left under Colonel Young, of the 8th, with half of the force, penetrated the woods to the left, by a direct route parallel to the shore towards Fort Tompkins, while the remainder, which formed the right column under Major Drummond, of the 104th, took a path which led to the right, through which the Americans had fled. Colonel Young in his advance was assailed by 500 men of the dismounted dragoons, regular infantry and volunteers, who,

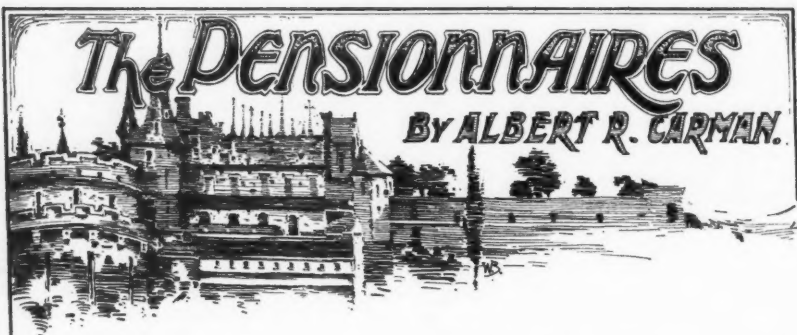
firing from behind trees, inflicted considerable loss on the left column, but they were speedily driven back on the main body. Major Drummond, with the right column, which had met with hardly any opposition, now joined Col. Young, and the whole force advanced against the Americans and compelled them to take refuge in the log barracks and stockaded fort, leaving one of their guns behind them. So complete was their defeat, and so hopeless seemed the prospect of holding Sackett's Harbour that Lieut. Chauncey set fire to the naval barracks and storehouses and to the captured schooner *Duke of Gloucester*, as well as to the *General Pike*, the new warship, then on the stocks. At this moment the good genius of the Americans, in the shape of the commander-in-chief, interfered to save them from inevitable defeat. Sir George Prevost, with victory in his grasp, ordered a retreat. It was in vain that the brave Major Drummond, of the 104th, who afterwards fell like the hero that he was in the foremost ranks at Fort Erie, remonstrated with the general and offered to put him in possession of the fortifications if he would give him but a few minutes. He was rudely silenced by his caiff leader and told to obey his orders and learn the first duty of a soldier. The orders were obeyed and the humiliated troops returned to their ships from an enemy that had not dared to look them in the face.

The British loss at Sackett's Harbour was heavy and amounted to 50 killed, 195 wounded and 16 missing, a total of 261. The American loss was 47 killed, 84 wounded and 36 missing, or 167 in all. When the British retired, the Americans succeeded in extinguishing the flames on the *Pike* and *Duke of Gloucester*, but the barracks and storehouses were destroyed and with them property valued at half a million dollars. But for the imbecility of Sir George Prevost the disgraceful result at Sackett's Harbour would have been changed into a brilliant victory, and the Americans would have permanently lost the control of Lake Ontario. As it was, the cowardly militia who ran away as fast as their legs could carry them could boast that they defeated the British. It is some consolation to know that while the conduct of the commander-in-chief was scandalous, that of the troops, officers and men was admirable. The men of the 100th and 104th Regts., who had never been under fire before, behaved like veterans. The Grenadier company of the 100th, which led the advance, lost 29 men; the four companies of the 104th engaged lost 91 men; the two companies of the 8th lost 81, and the Glengarry company 26. The British soldiers were not defeated at Sackett's Harbour; they were simply led back from a victorious field by an incompetent general.

### THE COMING OF NIGHT

BENEATH the purple ridges of a hill,  
 The ardent sun sinks slowly to its rest;  
 And all the woodland flowers sway, caressed  
 By Evening's gentle hand. The songsters fill  
 The drowsy air with melody, until  
 The whole wood rings with music of the best;  
 And the rich notes of one but lends a zest  
 To its sweet rival's song. At length a still  
 And sombre silence settles like a pall,  
 Over the darkening glades. Black Night sweeps down  
 Like some huge bird of prey, with pinions vast  
 Whelming the land; and swift the shadows fall.  
 The bright moon glitters like a silver crown  
 Set midst the stars. All Nature sleeps at last.

Hamilton B. Chipman



### *Hors d'Œuvre*

**T**HE Continental "pension" is like nothing Anglo-Saxon. Leaf over its guest-book and you find a cross-section of civilization; sit at its table, and you taste reminiscences of a French hotel; turn to conversation between the courses, and you are in the dining saloon of an Atlantic "liner."

It is a democracy with opinions about Botticelli; an aristocracy in exile and without leisure; an European Concert, free from jealousies and welcoming an American invasion which, in turn, anxiously repudiates the Monroe doctrine as applied to tourists.

Though an assemblage of strangers, with barely a prejudice in common, speaking one another's languages so badly that each must explain eventually in his own what he meant to say, international friendships are formed with the loaning of a guide-book, and new-comers are taken shopping on the second day. After four days together at table d'hôte, companionable people are ready to plan a month's tour with a division of carriage hire and a "pooling" of tastes.

Intolerance—that besetting sin of the sure-footed—finds the air of a "pension" either fatal or infuriating. There is no place like it for getting into the shoes of impossible people. When the "unspeakable Turk" sits next one at table, and speaks English, he is discovered to be human and like-

able, and to have his point of view. He is not a Puritan perversely gone wrong, but the child of another world.

One deception the "pension" practises. It cheats the hasty into believing that they have penetrated a native home. A home it is, like to no other place of public entertainment. The hostess and—more especially—the host always seem to be people of leisure; and to feel an entertainer's duty toward their guests. It may, after all, be a native home, you are tempted to think—yet that book-case of English novels!—Alas!

It is, by no means, a hotel; not even a rural French hotel, with Madame and her sewing in the office, and Monsieur coming in smiling from under his chef's cap to grow superlative over the pet "lions" of the neighbourhood, and the slim dark daughter lighting your fire at night with a coquettish consciousness. Madame is in the drawing-room with you, Monsieur welcomes you to his library, the slim dark daughter can sing if you really wish it.

It is not "lodgings"—no, not by a million times. Compared with that it is a palatial hotel with six courses at dinner and a foreign grace of service.

It is, in short, not to be stated in terms of anything else. It is a "pension." And long may its mistress sit in her drawing-room to bargain with us over the cost of fires! And long may the "pensionnaires" chatter across its table of the wonders of Europe and the weariness they induce.



## CHAPTER I

Jessica, the unconquerable, stood at the window and flouted the yellow heat. Her mother lay upon the sofa behind her, with a loose insecurity of gowning which made one fear to see her sit up, and cooled her face with a wearily swayed fan. Jessica was for taking the tram to the Grosser Garten—for they were in cup-like Dresden with a Saxon summer spilled into the bowl—where the air possibly stirred a little beneath the trees and a café orchestra played. Mrs. Murney would not put on a dress in the furnace of that room to pay a visit to a glacier.

Jessica laughed—an achievement that seemed a miracle to her mother—and said that she supposed she might go alone. Mrs. Murney looked a trifle anxious and stopped fanning. Jessica moved across the room with the brisk hopefulness of one who sees release ahead, and took from its place a wide, flapping hat of light straw over which a bunch of red poppies nodded. Then she stood before the glass and pinned this to her massed hair of satin black, her live hands showing white against it. But the full, lifted arms, shining through the airy texture of the white muslin sleeves, suggested rather a flesh-tinted vitality; and, when she turned and the column of her throat rose free and cool from a dress that hardly seemed finished at the neck, so indistinctly did the lattice-work of the yoke fray out into nothingness, you saw that she was dark, and that her hands had not been over white. You were reminded, too, possibly, if you had a trained eye, that she was a singer; for her deep, long breathing stirred the loose fullness of her dress at the swell of the bosom, and the red ribbon that marked the waist-line was not close-drawn.

Her mother wiped away with a damp handkerchief the moisture that the stopped fan had let gather on her brow.

"Sorry you won't come," said Jessica, stooping to kiss her. "I'm sure you would be cooler—"

"You are always sure of the good of going places," sighed Mrs. Murney.

"In winter you must go out to keep warm, and in summer you must go out to keep cool."

Jessica's face pleaded guilty with a conceding smile; and, bending down playfully, she took her mother's hand in hers and started the fan going again. Then in a second she was straight and alert to be gone.

"Dinner at half-past six," Mrs. Murney reminded her from beneath the feathery zephyrs of the fanning.

"Oh, I know the rules of the 'pension,'" cried Jessica, moving toward the door. "'Ein mal klingen' for a 'zimmer madchen'; 'swei mal klingen for a—'" But with a swift gentleness she had closed the door behind her.

In the Garten it was much cooler. She found a bench in the shade with an open mead stretching away before her, and at the right through the trees was the café where an orchestra played softly at times with long restful intervals. She could hear the voices of the people chatting over their tables, but distant and indistinct like voices in a dream. The deep green of the wood breathed upon her revivingly, and the book she had brought lay unopened on her lap. Occasionally people passed along the path; now a nurse in fresh Saxon costume with a hot, over-dressed, protesting baby in her arms; now a wide perspiring German, with his still wider wife and full-cheeked little girl, seeking the haven of the café; now a couple of trim German officers, erect, tight-tunicked, brisk, looking as if they were heat-proof; and now two happy lovers, frankly hand in hand. But, for the most part, the path wound out of sight, empty and silent.

Presently, however, there came into view slowly, but unconquered, that man who among mortals is most calmly superior to his environment—a young English gentleman. He was in white flannels and canvas shoes, his trouser-legs turned up as if to flaunt in the face of this blinding sun the existence of a land where the vapours of earth banish it at will. He was hatless, his "straw" hanging down his back by

a cord, and his hands were in his coat-pockets. He came nearer; a smile relieved the reposeful firmness of his face—it was Mr. Hughes, her mother's vis-a-vis at the "pension" table.

"How plucky of you!" he said. "I thought that this tiresome heat would have kept everybody indoors."

"It is cooler here than at the house," she explained.

"Of course; but to get here"—and the weather being so well worth talking about, they gave it considerable attention.

But presently her picturesquely superlative condemnation of the heat awakened in him a latent instinct to defend his Europe against this daughter of another continent, and he mentioned that it was sometimes hot in New York, if he had not been misled.

"Yes, heat kills people in New York," she admitted promptly, "but they die happy, with ice on their lips—real ice," and she looked at him enquiringly to see if he knew what she meant, for the European has not learned that ice is "man's best friend" when the dog days relieve the dog of that role.

"I see," he said, "the best a New Yorker asks for a death-bed promise is plenty of ice," and he twinkled merrily upon her. She laughed her appreciation of his retort—a curious, rising, clear-toned laugh; and then said:—

"'Never touched me'—I'm not really a New Yorker. But that's slang, and you won't understand it."

He looked as if he were trying to look a little puzzled, and there was a conscious tolerance on his face. Slang in the abstract was "bad form," and no English gentleman could be guilty of it; but he had lived enough abroad to tolerate in others what he would condemn in his own people. Only, unhappily, his face showed it when he was in the act of tolerating.

"Now, I'll explain," said Jessica, settling her round-chinned face into a superficial sobriety beneath which merriment visably struggled.

"Oh, don't bother," he interjected. "I dare say I know what you meant."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" she laughed, the merriment breaking frankly through. "You English people cannot possibly comprehend slang officially, as it were; but you know what it means."

"Well, we do not encourage the use of slang," he said, with a touch of seriousness. "Perhaps it is because it is *our* language that it defaces. You Americans"—and he regarded her with a quizzical smile—"are only using a borrowed language, you know."

"A borrowed language!" she cried in surprise. And then after a moment's thought, while he still smiled on her in silence—"P'raps you're right. But you'll have to admit that we've oiled it up a good lot." And they both laughed together, she in challenge and he in unconvinced abandonment of the contest.

"You're not from New York then," he asked; and therewith put a question which the Murneys had not yet quite decided to answer, though on this occasion Jessica had thoughtlessly invited it by her joking disclaimer.

"Well, we are now," she said slowly, and then added, "but we used to live in the White Mountains."

"Why ever did you leave them?" he asked, with an Englishman's unconquerable preference for the country over the town.

"Slow," she said, mournfully, looking moodily at the yellow-hazed mead before them, vibrant with heat. "And then there was my singing."

"Ah! yes."

"But life in the mountains has its silver lining," she went on; and, with the furnace heat of that stifling day in their lungs, she told him of the broad verandah of her high-perched home, of their leisurely life and delicious devices for the fighting of summer, and then of her autumn rides through flame-tinted forests. It all seemed so much better to her in distant, foreign Dresden, than it had when its wide peace was a prison, and its vast quiet a soul-corroding dullness. But she would not have gone back to it, leaving the

tide of life for one of its quietest eddies, on any terms. As for Hughes, he found listening to the effortless, flowing speech of New England more pleasing than he would have said, though he was not attracted by the iced drinks, nor gave his sanction to much of the zig-zag English. Still, he was very conscious, at all events, of the rose that showed on her dark, full cheek, as the light of recollection played behind her eyes—it quickened his pulses, for some reason, as rose on a fair cheek never could have done. And the cool column of her throat—that drew his eyes so often that he set himself to keep them away from it. Staring at some one not a stranger to you was far from the correct thing.

Then Hughes talked of his England—not London, with its hurry and roar and soot-sowing air—but the soft, lush loveliness of rural England, where the waving landscape is full of wide fields, golden and green, marked off by the dark, rich lines of the fat hedges; and great trees march along mighty avenues or scatter themselves as comfortable giants might over a deer-dotted park, massing on the sky-line like a forest. But he spoke of it all without enthusiasm—though his eyes glistened at times. The village churches, he thought, were “rather fine,” and it was “good fun punting on the Thames,” and she should see some of the great houses when they were open and go to service in a cathedral. She knew by looking at him that he deemed England but very little lower than the home of the angels, yet that he would never say so unless someone said the contrary. English people abroad praise England chiefly by the indirect method of criticising other countries. This makes them popular with the natives.

“We have seen very little of England,” said Jessica, “but we must before we go back.”

“Yes,” said Hughes simply, “I fancy you would like it.”

She looked at him in half-doubt for a moment as he sat a-gaze at nothing, his sharply-outlined, clean-cut jaw seeming as if it were set in firmness,

though it had plainly only the position of habitual repose. “We Americans,” she began, “dote on England.” Her face was the face of a girl who doted on things. “We read so much of it, you know—Dickens and—and that. Why do English people dislike us so?”

“Why—why!” ejaculated the astonished Hughes, turning toward her, “Why—we don’t, you know.”

“Oh, yes, you do,” she insisted, with the desperate emphasis of one irretrievably embarked on a venturesome contention. “I know it myself, and I’ve heard hundreds of Americans say so.”

“Well, do you like us?” asked Hughes, unexpectedly, twinkling at her.

“Not—not always,” she admitted, with that rising laugh of hers.

“Not often would be nearer the truth, wouldn’t it?”

“Well, I must say that you don’t usually try to make us like you,” she blurted out in blunt defence. There was much red on the dark cheek now, and the eyes were on the quivering mead, quivering with it. Hughes, being thus unwatched, found it easy to look at her and so pleasant as she sat there, her quick-breathing form radiating a sensible femininity through her muslin dress that he quite forgot for the moment that politeness, if nothing else, demanded a reply from him to that last statement. But she did not forget, and presently she looked up resentfully—

“Americans,” she said, “don’t worry about it, you know; they just wonder at it.”

“Oh, but,” he exclaimed, coming to a sense of his omission, “that is not true of all English people—not of many English people. Now I like Americans very much. And then I thought it was they who universally disliked us.”

“Now, honest,” she said, holding her finger up at him, “don’t you think we’re queer?”

“No! no!” he protested sturdily, if not altogether without mendacity.

"Of course," he went on, "we are not exactly alike—we each have our notions and peculiarities. But—look here, Miss Murney," he suddenly broke in on his own laboured explanation, "we do criticise each other pretty freely, but you are the only people in the world we'd fight for on sentimental grounds, and I believe that if we were hard put to it you'd fight for us."

After a time the lengthening shadows warned Jessica that she must go back, and they agreed to walk together through the Garten, past the tennis courts and so down the wide Burgerwiese to their part of the city. And very delightful it was now with the first cooler breath of evening on the air, and the broadening belts of shade everywhere blotting out the yellow empire of the sun.

Straight, easy, athletic, paced the young Englishman with firm-set jaw and eyes that could laugh when the face did not. And light and borne up on a high tide of vitality walked Jessica, saying but little as they passed under the trees and by the much be-shovelled sand-heaps provided by the municipality for the play of the children—yet seeming to Hughes by the very force of her personality to be tweaking at the cloak of his companionship every moment. Jessica long remembered the care-free elation of spirit that danced within her during this walk down the Burgerwiese. She had been rather lonely in Dresden, having all a vividly live girl's love of good company, male preferred; and Mr. Hughes seemed to fit her not too exacting need with some satisfaction. Then on the morrow came Herr Vogt's amazing revelation.

#### CHAPTER II

Mrs. Murney and Jessica had not been long in Dresden, but they did not conceal the fact that they had been quite a time in New York where Jessica had taken voice training. Some vague place in the White Mountains

had been their home before that, and it was discernible, in a long conversation, that they feared it might be again. But in the meantime—in a tentative way—they called New York "home."

Dresden had drawn them because there the renowned vocal teacher, Herr Vogt, lived, and they had come in fear and trembling lest the great master should find that Jessica's laborious and costly New York training had merely wasted her time and damaged her voice. Many a girl had had such an experience—if the dictum of Europe is to be accepted. But from the first Herr Vogt was delighted with her voice. He had nothing to change—nothing to reconstruct; he had only to go on building. And it was a marvellous voice. Not a light, frivolous jingle of bells such as might dance to the castanets of comic opera; not even a rain of starry sweetness which so calls out and dazzles the very soul of one and then wings back to the stars without ever having so much as seen its worshipper on his knees; but a rich, pure, measureless outpouring, as human as a cry, as full as an organ, as high as the lark at morning.

But Herr Vogt was not satisfied. When he sat at the piano it followed his nervous touch up and up and down and down—it filled every note with the ease of a voice that was always at flood and never ran thin—it sang with the precision of the thoroughly trained. But "it"—the voice—did all this. Jessica stood, full-faced and at peace, emotionless beside it, an unmoved spectator.

He rumbled his hair and looked at her.

"Didn't I get that right?" she would ask genially.

"Yes, yes, Miss. Mein Gott, yes!" he would ejaculate, and then he would look at her harder than ever.

Crimson would creep into Jessica's face, a crimson that was not dissociated from temper, and she would ask herself with a little start of alarm if the rumpled-haired, big-eyed German was not a trifle "wheely" in his upper story.

"Ach!" he would cry, turning to the piano with impatient fingers that banged out his perplexity on the white keys—keys that, like Jessica, were smooth and cold, but, like her, loosed the voice of music at his command.

The morning after Jessica's venture to the Grosser Garten, his bursting perplexity shattered his politeness—not a very difficult matter, though his kindness was indestructible—and he blurted out his wonder.

"I understand you not," he said in despair. "Vy are you always—zo—zo—" and he paused.

"So what?" demanded Jessica, about equally alarmed and indignant, for this was the putting into words of that incomprehensible stare which had disturbed her so long.

He shook his head until his hair floated loose. "Ach! how can I tell it?" Then turning to her with an effort at calm seriousness,

"You haf one heavenly voice. But haf you? Is it yours? It zings efery note in the zong—beauti-ful! But you—zing not one."

Jessica flushed, and Mrs. Murney stood up.

"You will me not understand," he wailed, and he trotted back and forth across the room. "Vy did I spoke?"

"I certainly do not," Herr Vogt," said Jessica; and her voice shook.

"Vell, it is this vise," he said, sawing the words off with a vibrant arm. "Your voice—isvell trained. But you—you do not the music feel—you do not lif her. You stand there and zing as if you vas a heavenly phonograph—I t'ink that is him—just tin and paint—just tin and paint."

"Why, Herr Vogt!" interjected the dumbfounded Jessica, storm in her eyes.

The protruding eyes of the German languished on her with sympathy, and he was miserably silent. Why had he ever been otherwise?

"You think I don't control my own voice?" she asked; and her tones indicated that breathing was a difficult operation.

He threw up his hands in a gesture

of despair. "If you had me understood," he said sadly, "then you needed not me to spoke at all." Then he went on, as if in comfort—"But your voice!—it is the cry of a poetic sould you somevere in you haf. Be prout of that."

A close look would have shown tears just under the dark lashes of the girl; for the dictum of Herr Vogt was the word of authority, and not to be put aside with a pout. If he had said her voice needed training—that was to be expected—but this! Her voice sang, but she did not. There was "a poetic soul" within her, but it was not her soul. It gave her a weird feeling; and all the time the great man glared at her out of his bulging eyes as if she were a "freak" of some sort and he had paid his "mark" to see her. She put an ineffective question or two in an effort to pierce his meaning, but they seemed to fly wide of the elusive target.

"I know I'm nervous and frightened with you—" she began once, by way of explanation, but he stopped her with—

"Ah! the stand-stock-still person is nervous; but the sing-like-an-angel person, never-r! She know that she the equal of the highest hof-dame is."

So Jessica went back to the "pension" with this astounding notion whirling in her mind. What could Herr Vogt mean? Think as she would, she could not get a tangible hold on it. It was not that she could not sing when she wanted to; that was too absurd. It seemed to be, indeed, that she sang very well, but did not act her songs. Possibly it was facial expression that she lacked; but, if so, why had not Herr Vogt said just that? Then she remembered that she often attained more expression when singing in public; and she regretted that she had not told Herr Vogt this. That might have satisfied him.

Another memory came linked to this. Sometimes when singing before a large and sympathetic audience, she seemed to lose herself—her usually keen consciousness became blurred—the audience and the occasion faded and she



lived only in the song. This she had always put down to excitement; but now she recalled, with a queer catch at the heart, that at such moments she did seem to "lif her music," as Herr Vogt would say, in a way entirely new to her. Was this "the poetic soul" that Herr Vogt fancied she had within her?

### CHAPTER III

"Pension" Lüttichau was not properly a German "pension," for dinner was at night and not at mid-day; but on the other hand, there was cooked fruit, and not salad, with the joint. The late dinner was a concession to the touch-and-go tourist who did not like the drowsy effect of a heavy meal at high noon; but the lower pressure traveller, to whom German opera at a few "marks" was a sought-for temptation, could have a supper at five which enabled him to be in his seat for the rise of the curtain at half-past six. The German goes to the opera when an Englishman goes to his dinner; and both alike growl at interrupters.

Luncheon on this particular day had begun with a stew of some sort, and a monologue on old crockery by the lady from Maine, who had discovered that early cups were handleless and was inordinately proud of the knowledge; but now a dear old Irish lady with white hair and a white lace cap with a large pale-green bow in front, was saying in answer to a question that she belonged to "that tabooed race, the Irish," and proceeded to tell of an experience many years old in the London "underground," when an English lady was afraid to talk to her lest she should bring out some dynamite then and there with deadly results. She lifted her wrinkled hands with an admirable imitation of a tremor as she repeated the English lady's—"Y-you go first, please!" when they were leaving the train.

"You have been at Delft?" Herr Werner, an erect German whose whole head—face, hair, poise—suggested light, now asked of the lady from

Maine, reverting to her crockery "hobby."

"Oh, yes," she said. "I have stayed there, and I have taken a good deal of Delft ware home. A man in the museum at Amsterdam told me—"

"Where did you stay in Amsterdam?" broke in a nervous middle-aged woman, who was over with her married daughter, and seemed to think that the chief end of European travel was to get safely from one "pension" to another.

"Well," replied the lady from Maine, "we have stayed at several places there—"

"Give me one good 'pension'—that will oblige us very much," said her questioner.

"We generally stay at a hotel," went on the Maine lady, largely, "but this last trip we have tried some 'pensions,' and we like them very well—very well, indeed."

Frau Lüttichau, sitting at the head of the table, looked up at this with an expression that would have spelled impatience on any face but that of the racially patient.

"I knew a man once," volunteered a Scotch gentleman, with a merry twinkle about the eyes, "who, when asked where to stay in Amsterdam, always said, 'Any Dam hotel,' which greatly shocked—"

"Malcolm! why will you repeat that story?" broke in his wife with a feeble smile.

"There, my dear!" he exclaimed tragically, "You cut off the poor man's apology."

"Your friend's remark reminds me of the Bad hotels in Germany you see advertised everywhere," contributed the Maine lady's husband.

Herr Werner turned impatiently toward him. "Do you know," he said, "that 'bad' means bath?"

"Does it?" asked the American, with as innocent an expression of countenance as a twitching pair of eyelids would permit. "I always thought it was a piece of your boasted German honesty."

American foolery was not included

in Herr Werner's philosophic chart of life, so he met the explanation with a look of open disgust, and mentally recorded another case tending to show the ignorant superficiality of tourists.

"That's the explanation of Malcolm's joke," now said Malcolm's wife, seizing the opportunity. "The Dam is the great square in Amsterdam, and many good hotels—"

"That was hardly necessary," interrupted Malcolm sharply; "everybody knows that."

"Everybody hasn't been to Amsterdam," said his wife, with the manner of submitting meekly to his rebuke—a manner quite contradictory to the matter of her remark.

"The two things that Amsterdamers are most proud of," said Mr. Hughes, "is that they have the biggest drink and the biggest place to drink it in in the world."

"Did ye never see the devil's punch-bowl in Ireland?" asked the old Irish lady, with a patriotic glow.

"But that was for the devil's use," expostulated Hughes, "and no Irishman ever got a taste of it—unless," he added as an afterthought—"you claim his Satanic Majesty as a fellow-countryman."

The old blue eyes looked up a-glint with mischief. "Arrah!" she said, "Irishmen are quite used to have foreigners drain not only their punch-bowls, but their country, dry."

"You mean that bar in Amsterdam" asked the lady from Maine, turning to Hughes, "where they fill your glass so full you have to stoop down and drink a little before you can lift it without spilling?"

"Yes; and the great Krasnapolsky café."

"I've been to them both," announced the lady from Maine, with airy satisfaction. "Many go to Amsterdam, and don't," she went on. "It's my mission in life to hunt up and show people characteristic sights. Now, there's the Meissen factory near here. How many—" But conversation broke out all along the table at the sound of

her voice, pitched at the familiar monologue key.

Mrs. Murney and Jessica sat about half-way down the left side of the table, and opposite them were Mr. Hughes and Herr Werner, the erect German.

"Did you go to the lesson this morning?" Herr Werner now asked Jessica.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I never miss that."

"Ah! of course," said Herr Werner. "It must be a great pleasure to you."

"It's hard work," laughed Jessica; "and that's right."

Herr Werner turned to his plate. This American girl had puzzled him from the first, and now he had about given over all effort to solve the problem. When she sang, she drew the inner soul out of him, and he—a true son of German romanticism—felt that he could die for very love of her. But when she talked, every sentence seemed a sacrilege—a desecrating blow at the ideal of her he had formed. How such a girl could sing with such a voice—that was the maddening perplexity. For a time he was spasmodically in love with her when she sang, and full of antipathy for her when she didn't, but now he felt that he had about cured the spasms.

"Jessica had an unpleasant experience this morning," said Mrs. Murney, "which may send us to another music teacher."

"May we be told of it, Miss Murney?" asked Mr. Hughes; and Jessica, glad to get another sane mind on the affair, gave a dry-humoured account of Herr Vogt's outbreak.

"Those musical chaps get 'daffy' sometimes," was Mr. Hughes' comment.

Herr Werner had watched her as she talked with intense interest. It seemed, then, he said to himself, that he had been right in deeming the casket unfitted to the jewel.

"You must not think that all foolishness, Miss Murney," he now said gravely. "Your voice has always told me of something I did not see in you."

Jessica, as might be guessed, had a temper of her own; and it flamed out at this. The great Herr Vogt was to be endured, but hardly every German who went "batty." So she turned to Mr. Hughes with—

"My voice, it seems, is getting many compliments at my expense."

Hughes nodded. He had a well-bred man's talent for silence.

The Scotchman had lived long in India, and this touch of the occult in Jessica's two personalities set him talking of the "faquirs" there, whose work, he said, made all similar tricks in the European world look like child's-play.

"They have secrets of mental phenomena there," observed Herr Werner, "that we have no trace of."

"They are the cleverest cheats living, that's all," replied the Scotchman with a Briton's contempt for things outside of Adam Smith and Paley's Theology.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the lady from Maine.

"I believe in banshees," interrupted the old Irish lady in her mellow brogue.

"I lived near Belfast for ten years," observed the Scotch gentleman, "and I never even heard of one," and he looked conscious of his disposal of that question.

"Belfast!" said she of the white cap and green bow, scornfully, "Belfast is not properly Irish."

"I presume the proper Irish are farther south," he rejoined a little satirically.

"No; the improper Irish," said the old lady; and there was satisfaction in her eye.

"Well," rippled on the lady from Maine, "I don't know much about banshees, but years ago I made a collection of the ghosts that walk in the castles of Europe, and it was most interesting. Now, there's the 'white lady of—'"

But Frau Lüttichau had risen, and the various tourists were practising their "Mahlzeit" on each other, the foreigners with a laugh, the Germans with a polite and kindly gravity.

"Come to my room," said the lady from Maine, linking her arm through Jessica's. "I want to show you some of those handleless cups. I'm going to smuggle them through the New York customs as broken crockery, ain't I, Sam?" turning to her husband.

"You may be," said "Sam," "but I'm not. I've turned honest. Do you know what she did with me one year?" he asked Jessica.

"No."

"Well, I was runnin' over home without her, and she filled my trunk up with her bargains—lady's stockings, new petticoats, and that sort of thing—and never told me a word about it. Of course I took my solemn oath that I had nothing but my own clothing in my trunk, and then they searched it and found all these things. Gee-whiskers!"

"Come along," said the lady from Maine to Jessica. "I'll get 'em in. I just answer questions. Unless they ask me if I've got any handleless cups, I won't tell 'em."

#### CHAPTER IV

Jessica was indignant every time she thought during the next few days of Herr Vogt's extraordinary attempt to pronounce a divorce between herself and her voice; but it was an indignation tempered by momentary misgivings that there might possibly be something in the notion after all. Of course, when she swung about to squarely face such a misgiving, it disappeared. She knew that it was her voice. You might as well tell her that that plump, flexible member was not her hand. It was just Herr Vogt's exaggerated, foreign way of saying that she lacked animation. And she would turn away disgusted from the subject, only to feel the "misgiving" lean over her shoulder, and in a whisper recall memories of times when, while singing under some excitement, that strange other consciousness did seem to arise in her and take her voice out of her own keeping—a conscious-

ness that realized the poetry of her music as she (Jessica) had never done.

Well, what was more likely than that the voicing of splendid music amidst the sympathetic silence of a great many other people, all their minds following with hers the sweep of the composer's thought, should stir her imagination if she had any? A fig for such a misgiving as that!

As for Herr Vogt, he made no further reference to his outbreak, but contented himself with touching her voice here and there reverently—if with a hopeless melancholy—as an artist might polish a roughness or two from a great statue, which somehow lacked the essential similitude of life.

A week went by, and then Jessica had a weird, disquieting, exasperating experience. She was sitting in the "pension" drawing-room one afternoon alone, when Herr Werner drifted in in his usual, aimless way, and after making her a formal, silent, smileless bow, sat down at the book-case where he tumbled over the familiar collection—English, German, French—in search of something to read. They had by now practically ceased trying to talk to each other; they could find no common meeting ground. To him she was not only uninteresting, but a perpetually keen disappointment. Why was she not the woman who sang with her voice? As for Jessica, she told her mother that they "bored each other at sight."

After a time the impatient fingers of the German finding nothing in the bookcase fitted to his mental mood, and Jessica having become absorbed in her romance—one of Mr. Anthony Hope's black-and-white sketches of sanguinary *sang froid*—he shook his luminous head as if flinging off a burden, and, striding to the piano, began playing without permission or apology.

Mr. Hope's hero was at the moment riding up a lonely road at mad speed with a haughty lady to serve and a cynical villain to thwart, and, as Herr Werner played on, Jessica was swept more and more into the spirit of the wild race. She was so little conscious

of the effect of the music upon her, however, that she thought it all her interest in a splendid story, until Herr Werner suddenly silenced his mounting, hoof-beat melody and let his fingers wander softly among the minor keys. Then a sadness fell upon her and she let the book slip to her lap. All in a flash she knew that it was the music her mind had been following and not the tale, and that it had been no mere listening to the music with the cold, critical ear she usually turned upon another's performance. She shook herself out of the mood and picked up her story. But the melancholy of the music seemed to smother her attention, and, in spite of her resolve, something within her was listening—not reading. Then as she gave herself, through sheer pleasure in it, more and more to its sad magic, the liquid harmonies began to paint for her shadowy, shifting pictures. It did not occur to her in her new mood to think that she did not see them—it seemed rather that she had always seen them when certain sounds lapped at her ear. Now when the music mourned, she—the unromantic, unimaginative Jessica Murney—saw across a sullen river a dark glade and within it rose a white bier bearing a white form, and about the bier the tall cypresses kept silent guard. Then the music strengthened and swelled to a deep, sweet content, and the still cypresses broadened into spreading elms, touched by light summer airs, and the white bier was a tall white lady resting in the shade while little children played quietly by the brink of the river, no longer sullen but sparkling in the sunlight. Then the music spread its wings and soared toward the zenith, and the white lady was a white snow peak and the elms a fringe of pines far below, and the river she could hear falling through crystal caverns of eternal ice. And now the music sank as if tired to the vale of rest, and the white lady walked deep in the shadow of the pines upon the silent carpet of their slow sowing by the side of the winding brook.

She—the prosaic—saw all this, as

one sees a distant view through a thin haze, and yet she was not singing. When Herr Werner stopped, the vision slowly faded, and when her mother came in, a few minutes later, almost the memory of it was gone.

As for Herr Werner, he had never even looked at her. When her mother entered with much talk about "the too lovely things" she had just seen in the shops bubbling over at her lips, he stopped leafing over some music he had found on the piano since his fingers had rested from the erratic melody, and walked, erect, out of the room, wholly unconscious of the effect of his playing.

For days this experience haunted Jessica like a guilty secret. She told no one of it, not even her mother, and it gave her a new reluctance to speak of Herr Vogt's uncanny theory. There were hours when, if it had not been for the shame of it and the steadying effect of the wholesome companionship of Mr. Hughes—of which she had come to have not a little—she would have fled this bewildering German Dresden which had made music a religion and—to her New England eyes—religion a spectacle, and now put her in doubt of her own identity.

TO BE CONTINUED



## THE HUNTER

HE is out and in the open by breaking of the day,  
 He hath a steady eye and deadly aim,  
 He doth not heed the birds or beasts that cross his errant way,  
 For he's after bigger game.

No Indian wears more proudly his trophies stiff and stark,  
 Than he the hearts that dangle at his belt;  
 But Dan Cupid stops to kiss each forlorn and grievous mark  
 That his rosy hands have dealt.

His weapons are old-fashioned—his absurdly small and gay,  
 His trail lies through the country and the town,  
 And when he sights his quarry, the wise are those who say:  
 "Do not shoot—for we'll come down."

The sphinx he doth out-riddle, this hunter after hearts—  
 His triumphs have been said and have been sung—  
 Yet still he goes a-hunting, with his bow and feathered darts,  
 Just as when the world was young.

*Virna Sheard*



## A QUARTER OF A CENTURY'S AUDIT\*

*By J. L. McDougall, Auditor-General of Canada*



UDITING and complaining keep close to one another; but I would not have you suppose that I have not had some exceptional aids in the people's service. Some cherished schemes which appeared to justify hope for their success, failed from want of support, where absence of interest was not looked for. On the other hand, there was the co-operation of persons without whom the Audit Act must have been inoperative.

I was appointed in August, 1878, by the Mackenzie Government, of which I had been a strong, although not prominent supporter. That Government having been overwhelmingly defeated in less than two months thereafter, I had some ground to expect to have added to the inevitable difficulties of inaugurating a system of Parliamentary Audit for the Dominion, the suspicion of not being disposed to belittle the weaknesses of late opponents.

I cannot understand the man who has been associated with a political party for years, who, as long as he is one of them, does not see the faults of his fellows a little smaller than they are and their good qualities as virtues. Yet it should have appeared to nine men out of ten, if placed in my position, as it did to me, perfectly natural to throw political feeling quite to one side when entrusted with the duty of holding the scales evenly in dealing with the expenditure of the nation. That is, after a full view of the work to be done was obtained.

I must say at once that, not only had I not the suspicion of political bias to contend with, but I had the active support of the powerful Chieftain who had just succeeded to the headship of the Government. Two incidents occur to me which show his lightness of touch:

I went to him once to get his aid in

preventing some expenditure. I said: "Sir John, that wouldn't do the Government any good."

"No, no, you are quite right. It would only give rascally Grits like you a ground to run up and down the concessions abusing us. You can always count upon my helping you. Be sure to use me when anything like that occurs."

On another occasion I asked him to agree to the office having three chief clerks instead of one. He answered without a moment's delay:

"You have a reputation for economy. You know that you have always my support. Why do you come to me? Go to Foster and the rest." A few days after I had reason to see Mr. Foster about something else. As soon as I entered his room he smiled and asked what I had done to Sir John.

"About what?"

"Your chief clerks."

"He said he would support me, and told me to see you and his other colleagues."

"That isn't what he told us. He said we must do what you wanted."

You will probably say what everybody else says: "Didn't you see that he was humbugging you?" I knew that he was turning me inside out. But there was something strangely pleasant to feel that one was operated upon by a surgeon so skilful that there wasn't a scar left!

His having always treated me with full confidence is a subject of my most grateful recollections.

To show how warmly I was assisted in the same direction by Sir Mackenzie Bowell, who, it is true, was my personal friend if my political opponent, while we were in Parliament together, let me say that it was a common practice of his, when on his way from the western block to the Council Chamber in the eastern, to call at my office and

\*An address before the Canadian Club, Toronto, November, 1902.

say quite abruptly: "What the devil are you doing now?"

"About what?"

"About so and so."

After my explanation he would usually add "Ah! that isn't quite as I heard it. Perhaps you aren't very far wrong."

In nearly all of these cases, which, as I mention, were quite frequent, he made the explanation in Council with the effect which might be expected. On one occasion the question was: "Why do you treat us differently—on a certain point—from what you did your own friends during the time they were in office, after you began your work here?" The answer was: "I did not begin the duty here with an undertaking that I knew everything about how all the parts of the work should be done. I did what my experience and judgment told me was right. As soon as I changed my mind I changed my practice. What do you do when you find you are on the wrong road, do you follow it or change to the right at once?" His reply came immediately: "There is nothing more to be said."

The first time I met him after the election of 1887, he said: "I have found out at last that there is some use to be made of you. When I was conducting my campaign, an opponent charged me with having caused an improper payment to be made." He said: "I answered, now Tom, you are an infernal Grit, but the Auditor-General is a worse one if possible, and he delights in letting the public see all our little sins. Wouldn't he have had this one, with the rest, in his book, if it had ever been committed?" He added: "I had the fellow that time."

I naturally cannot restrain the tendency to acknowledge my obligations to this straightforward politician whenever his name is mentioned in my hearing. He seems to have the intuitive faculty of being on the honest side wherever money is involved.

Let me ask you to go back to 1878 and consider the nature of the problem which had to be solved in inaugurating a Parliamentary Audit.

At first, I formed but a very meagre notion of what the problem really was; but it was there nevertheless. Part of the solution has not yet been completed, but we have now sufficiently clear notions of its full extent, to conclude that what has been done is altogether in the right direction, and to define much of what remains to be done.

If the Auditor is not called the Comptroller as well, as he is in England, the fact that he really has the duties of a Comptroller, enables him not only to do important work as such, but supplies means of incalculable usefulness in performing the functions of Auditor both as to thoroughness and economy.

A public servant, like any other servant, although engaged for a special duty, is a faithful servant, only when his eyes are open to the general interests of his master, as well as to the special.

While to carry out the duties of control, the Audit Office sees that there is Parliamentary authority for the expenditure, and that the expenditure goes through the hands of the duly authorized. In connection with the Audit side of its work, it has to see that the money eventually reaches the hands of those who have earned it, and to the extent to which it has been earned. Now if there are any means of expediting the payment to those who have earned it, or of preventing the diverting to their own use of public money, by those public servants through whose hands it must pass before reaching the public creditor, or of showing by easy, simple means that the public creditor has received the payment, instead of by roundabout cumbrous methods, it is our duty to adopt such methods.

There are two general methods of making payments: 1st, by Receiver-General's cheques, and 2nd, by cheques drawn under Letters-of-Credit.

Receiver-General's cheques are, as a rule, confined in their issue to payments for contracts of magnitude on monthly estimates, and to repayments of the banks, chiefly the Bank of Montreal, for Letter-of-Credit cheques issued by the Departments at Ottawa, or

their servants in remote parts of the Dominion.

Cheques of all kinds are made payable to the order of the public creditor. Why? Because his endorsement shows better than any special receipt that he has received the amount, and because no one through whose hands it might necessarily pass, could withhold any part of the amount.

Shortly after I began my duties, a public employee of my acquaintance, resident out of Ottawa, visited the city and informed me that his principal object was to get his salary which was several months in arrear. I said: "Your receipts have been sent in through the paymaster." He told me that the receipts were handed to the paymaster, to enable the latter to close his accounts, but that the money had not passed. Needless to say, there was an early stopping of the issuing of receipts which had not the meaning which they were supposed to have. Entire reliance for the evidence of payment is placed now upon the cheques payable to order.

There is much more use of the Letter-of-Credit system than would at first sight seem consistent with a careful safeguard of the public purse from improper payment. The public mind is greatly startled when information reaches it that there is payment before audit. But anyone can see that a most important step has been made if payment without delay accompanies a process which removes the most important dangers of irregularity.

Credits are never issued to a single person, except when there is a choice only between issuing a credit to him for advances to himself, as may be required, and issuing a direct cheque at once for the whole amount of the credit.

The credit is in the name of two public servants of prominence, generally the deputy of the department and the accountant, or such substitutes as may be entrusted with the performance of their duties under Order-in-Council, generally during their absence. Credits are issued, where payments are required to be made at distant points and without delay, to permanent officials.

Now, it seems manifest that we cannot hold the bank, on which the credits issue, for any improper amount, unless its neglect were most palpable. You will, therefore, enquire what is the justification for giving so much latitude.

1st. The credits being to men of prominence, who are presumably intellectual and otherwise reliable, the first source of confidence is secured;

2nd. To bring about misappropriation, it would be necessary that both should be dishonest, and that one of them should suggest the dishonest action to the other, and therefore put himself in the hands of the latter;

3rd. A cheque once drawn, the amount of it cannot be refunded, and therefore the amount of a cheque cannot be simply borrowed;

4th. At the end of the month a statement of cheques drawn, giving the number of each and the amount, is sent to the Audit Office for repayment to the bank;

5th. Under this system there is no money to be accounted for by the disbursing officers;

6th. They have the means of paying without having any money to handle;

7th. There is therefore no fear that, if a statement of vouchers is not sent in, it is because the holders of the credit have to account for money which has been used by themselves.

The best evidence of the success of the method in the one respect of its security against defalcations, is that none has occurred, so far as I can recollect.\*

It is true that, with no other protection, the credits might be used to pay sums after the appropriations had been exhausted, and they might be used to pay sums to which the Audit Office would object, if application were made for a Receiver-General's cheque.

\*This was written before the Martineau case occurred. It is not advisable that a complete explanation should be made while the investigation is unfinished; but I have full confidence that the public mind will be soon satisfied that a similar case will not occur again.

How are these irregularities guarded against?

1st. An Order-in-Council was passed several years ago that the accountant of a department, before he signs a cheque, to be charged to an overdrawn appropriation, must draw the attention of his deputy in writing to the fact that it is overdrawn, which, as can be seen by any one, on a little reflection, practically prevents the occurrence except in the case of error;

2nd. The Auditor-General under Section 30 of the Audit Act has the responsibility of passing, or declining to pass, the application for a credit, and, therefore, has the duty of determining the classes of payments which are to be made from the credit. He has also the duty of determining whether any special payment, which is under consideration by the department, is to be reserved and to come up for audit and examination before payment, by the department's making an application for a Receiver-General's cheque. Your remark may be—but when the credit is issued without restriction, the cheques issued will be accepted by the bank which knows nothing of any difference of opinion in the departments. True, but if the department is tempted to issue a cheque under such circumstances, as has several times happened, the fact becomes known very shortly afterwards to the Audit Office and another credit to that department is withheld, until an understanding has been arrived at—which will prevent the issue of another similarly irregular cheque. You will observe that it is always open to a department to appeal to the Treasury Board against the decision of the Auditor-General declining to pass the application for a Receiver-General's cheque. Therefore, the country is safe from any want of painstaking and full consideration on the part of the Audit Office, so far as the recognized court of appeal can make it.

The Audit Office is now giving attention to modifications which might be made in the public interest as to the classes of subjects which should come

under the Letter-of-Credit, and those which should be dealt with by Receiver-General's cheque.

I look upon this control of the Auditor-General upon the issuing of credits as absolutely essential to a rational working of our system. The best evidence that the system is sufficiently elastic to provide for early and accurate payment, is that differences have been adjusted without long delay or serious friction.

It is naturally alarming to feel ourselves placed, should those with whom we have to deal be obstinate, in a position where the choice is between losing the control contemplated by Parliament and recommended by common-sense on the one hand, and bringing about the great inconvenience involved in stopping the departmental credit. More than one occasion of that nature occurred while the late Government was in power. I communicated my fears to Sir John Thompson and Mr. Foster, who answered me in a similar spirit: "You have the matter in your own hands. Perform your duty." That settled the matter during their regime.

I shall not dwell so long on the audit of the revenue.

Reliance, in this case, is mainly on requiring daily deposits where there is a bank, if the collections are more than \$25, on encouraging payment by cheque to the order of the collector where the payments are usually large, and on blank receipt books consecutively numbered, and insisting upon the handing of a receipt to each depositor. Then there is the right to make, from time to time, test audits, without notification of course.

There is always the protection, where large collections are made, that one employee affords against another.

In this case also a full analysis is given in the report of the transactions of the previous fiscal year.

The office has had difficulties with the Ministers. One of them, the petition to Parliament for what I thought justice to the staff demanded, obtained marked publicity at the time; but it

did the office no permanent injury, mainly because the prominent newspapers which generally supported the Government, but had independent leanings, like the *Toronto Telegram*, the *Montreal Star*, and the *Ottawa Journal*, said I was right. If these, as well as the *Montreal Witness* and the *Kingston Whig*, knew how much comfort they gave to me at different times and under differing circumstances!

This brings me to the consideration of the importance of having stereotyped the progress made in widening or amending our principles, to suit the character of our people and their several callings and progress. Lines of practice which were arrived at by interviews with Mr. Foster and Sir John Thompson, particularly with the latter as Minister of Justice, but which were not put on record, had to be fought out again when they went out of office, and not always successfully.

My nominal predecessor in office, Mr. John Langton, would have filled the position successfully but that he was hampered with another duty, that of Deputy Minister of Finance. This involved the spending of public money, and, from the beginning of the time when he held the dual position, prevented his being a zealous critic of the expenditure. It ended in his giving up the audit portion of the duties altogether.

It may therefore be assumed that, without any recent actual experience in Canada of a Parliamentary audit, the Act passed before I was appointed, was not in every respect what experience of to-day says it should now be.

It may not be generally known that a Parliamentary Audit, without which the freedom of no country is assured, owes its origin in Canada to Edward Blake, that wonderful man who works like a slave on every detail of anything which he takes up, and yet grasps a subject with the greatest quickness.

As I said, experience has now shown that important amendments are required in the Audit Act.

I have drawn up, with legal assistance, a bill which would bring down the law, if the bill were adopted by Parliament, to our present practice and make some other changes which, as it appears to me, would round off our system. This bill will be found in the Audit Office Report of 1898, immediately after the title-page.

It seems not revolutionary to ask for fairly full amendments twenty-five years after the passage of the Act under which the system was inaugurated. However, with this, as with some other points to which I purpose referring, if any change is to be made, the move must begin with the Opposition of the day, not because the Opposition belongs to a particular party, but because it is out of power.

The existing Government has never a political inducement, at least a temporary inducement, to expose to public view the weaknesses of its transactions, which might otherwise remain unobserved.

Then it seems more difficult to understand how the Opposition neglects its duty on another point, one where it appears to accord entirely with its political interest to support the Auditor. I refer to the sifting before the Public Accounts Committee of every case in which the Treasury Board has overruled the decision of the Auditor-General during the previous fiscal year. It is possible that, as these cases extend in their effect in almost every instance beyond the person directly affected, it may be expected to reach the political friends of the Opposition who happen to be in the permanent service, but the Opposition might as well drop at once the effort to find out who is affected, or who is not. Remember, I am not contending that the Opposition should enter on the consideration of such questions with a determination to make the Government appear wrong and the Auditor right, or even with a tendency to allow its natural desire in that direction to affect it. The decisions of the Public Accounts Committee should, as far as possible, settle



the matters for all time, and should be free from bias.

I take pleasure in testifying to the obligations which the Audit system has been under to the Conservative Government, when suspicion might have been expected to take the place of the confidence which was given. It is also my duty to acknowledge the absence on the part of the present Government of any display of expectation that there should be a convenient blindness on the part of the Audit Office to such slips in the affairs of Government as it is the duty of the Audit Office to endeavour to prevent, when possible, and when not possible, to make public; and to take such other means as may assist in preventing their recurrence. Apparently the new Government did not expect that there should be any marked difference in our work from what it was in the time of their predecessors. However, if the strength of the Audit Office as compared to departments is visible to all, there is a weak side, which always exists, though not so visible. The head of the office cannot be successfully told at any moment that his services are no longer required, and his assistants hold office quite independently of the Government, until he suspends or dismisses them. This is the strength of the office. On the other hand, there is the weakness that the appointments to the Audit Office are made by the Government. When a complaint is made of the inefficiency or harshness of the Audit Office, there is a temptation to which the Government sometimes yields of saying: "We are surprised to find that the honourable gentleman has forgotten that the Audit Office is entirely independent of the Government." The member of the Government who makes that answer forgets that, although the Auditor-General makes promotions in his office when the money is available to provide for the promotions, he is powerless to initiate the proceedings by which Parliament makes the money available. Then money for new appointments must be available before the appointments can be made. The appointment itself must

also begin with the Government. After the money has been voted, no matter whether the Government is Conservative or Liberal, the only information which seems to retain a resting-place in the mind of the Minister is how the political interest of the party will be suited by the appointment of such a person. It is not very encouraging to the man who is entrusted with important public interests, and who is supposed to be supplied with every means of guarding them, to find that, while there are plenty of intelligent, industrious, well-informed young men, fitted in every way for the duties to be performed, belonging even to families who support the Government, no means can be had of getting employment for them, while dull, badly informed and otherwise unsuited applicants are the only persons who will be permitted to enter the service.

Surely the people can agree to differ upon Free Trade and Protection and yet agree upon the simple proposition that a young man entering the public service should be selected for the probability of his being a successful public servant, in the interests of the State. It is therefore of the greatest consequence that the politics of all the public servants should be unknown and that reliance should be placed for advancement solely upon their fitness. A competitive system, while not necessarily providing in each instance the man who will prove the most successful practical clerk or administrator, will in the long run provide the best average man, and will be the means of freeing the person selected from being tacked on to a particular man or party, to be an official godfather to him whenever a vacancy occurs in a rank above his.

The public service, as it now is, and must remain, if no change in the mode of appointment is made, is a place for mediocrities and tends to develop mediocrity. If we had independent, reliable tests, a self-respecting spirit would be developed which would result in the showing as much consideration for those who had lost the day as for those who had gained it.

While in this connection let me allude to the salary question. I agree that the country pays too much for the services performed, but the individual salaries are too small for efficient and steady service.

The routine service which requires accuracy, should receive at least as great remuneration as such services receive outside. This, as I think, is where the greatest leak takes place. Under the present system of political patronage, the man who tells his country constituents that the Dominion is being ruined by the number of idle officials who are to be found everywhere in Ottawa except behind their desks, comes to Ottawa and presses the Minister to make more appointments. Now, the clerk who has only half a day's work is much more likely to shirk it altogether than is the man who has a full day's work, to leave any of it undone.

It is both better and cheaper to have the whole work well done by a \$1,000 man than to have it badly and only partly done by two seven hundred dollar employees.

No doubt the most poorly paid servants of the people are the Ministers themselves; but they are a distinct class with whom a permanent clerk's treatment has no connection.

You ask me what is the principal requirement in good auditing. I answer: Be just and fear not. A successful auditor must be very careful to make few errors, but must admit his own error as soon as he finds it out. He must accept no favours of any kind and enjoy no perquisites. Indeed, he can scarcely make a friend of any person outside of those who are dependent on him. He must, however, accommodate in every way, short of irregularity, those who have public business with him. If he cannot always consistently do what people want, he must lose no time in doing it when he can. He must, under similar circumstances, treat one man or department exactly as he does another. The Auditor-General who would not do what was legal and honest must inevitably despise himself. He carries

this person who despises him around with him all the time and everywhere. This constant companion counts as one man only, but he is more to him than all the rest of the world. Talk about a man being courageous! There is nothing in that, so far as my experience goes. Take up a thing, and see what duty demands. At first sight to do the right thing may be unpopular. That view may take up the most of one's attention at first, but soon it has no place at all.

Under no circumstances would my successor begin where I did; but naturally the head of an office which has made much progress during his tenure is supposed to have had much to do with that progress, and some of the usefulness must go with him and remain until the new man shows his strength.

We have come to a point in our existence when it is becoming daily more dangerous to leave undone anything that may be conducive to the permanence of the sound advancement which has been made. Would it not be wise to suggest to one of the financial Opposition members that he should take the Audit Office and its surroundings into his special care, and, as a part of his work, look over the suggested Audit Act, which he will find as indicated above?

An Auditor of Dominion Accounts who confined his scope to the seeing that, at all costs, the revenue was all collected and was properly spent, would work within a much narrower sphere than is necessary, and would deprive himself of much of his pleasure and usefulness, without contributing greatly to the strictness and accuracy of his supposed regular line of duties. The Auditor should always keep in view that the man in Charlottetown or Dawson who has a claim against the Government deserves the same consideration to his interests as the man who resides at the capital. If he is a permanent official, no matter in which of the places he is located, he receives his salary when due through a pay-list certified by the Audit Office.



# Current Events Abroad

By  
John A. Ewan

FOR almost nine months, John Hay, Secretary of State for the United States, was engaged in negotiating a treaty between his country and the United States of Colombia. The progress was slow, and at times the United States officials thought that the Panama Canal was not likely to become their property, and that it might be necessary to turn to Nicaragua for a passage-way across Central America. German influence was behind Colombia's tardiness, and Colombia owed considerable money in Germany.

The pressure from the United States was great, and a promise of protection may have been made, and finally Colombia yielded. The price of the yielding is \$10,000,000 and ample guarantees under a treaty which has since been ratified in the United States Senate by a vote of seventy-three to five.



But this treaty has a wider significance, apparently. The United States guarantees the sovereignty of Colombia over the Isthmus and free transit from one sea to the other. On the other hand, by article 6, Colombia agrees not to cede or lease to any foreign government any of its islands or harbours within or adjacent to the Bay of Panama, nor on the Atlantic coast of Colombia between certain points for the purpose of establishing fortifications, naval or coaling stations, mili-

tary posts, docks or other works. The United States

"agrees to give Colombia the material support that may be required in order to prevent the occupation of said islands and ports, guaranteeing them the sovereignty, independence and integrity of Colombia."

Thus the United States has begun to widen the Monroe Doctrine and assume the duty of guaranteeing protection to the Central and South American republics. This is emphasized by article 4, which runs as follows:

"The United States freely acknowledges and recognizes this sovereignty [of Colombia over the territory] and disavows any intention to impair it in any way whatever or to increase its territory at the expense of Colombia or of any of the sister republics in Central or South America, but on the contrary, it desires to strengthen the powers of the republics on this continent, and to promote, develop and maintain their prosperity and independence."

Surely this is an affirmation and extension of the Monroe Doctrine. When it is remembered that the Supreme Court of the United States has declared treaties to be the "supreme law of the land," it will be seen that this treaty is now part of United States law. In fact, Congress has incorporated an enlarged Monroe Doctrine into a statute. The principle has become a law for the first time. And this law goes so far as to affirm that the United States desires to strengthen the powers of the republics and to promote, develop and maintain their independence.



The significance of this treaty and of its affirmation by the United States Senate is that it is a statutory warning that there are to be no more European colonies in South America. The world may have thought this was the logical interpretation of the

Monroe Doctrine, but now it may be certain.

Germany has been encouraging settlement in South America, hoping, apparently, to obtain territory and influence there. The United States recognized this and saw fit to make a declaration which would be an unequivocal warning. It is for Germany to make the next move. Will she be content to be shut out forever from South America? Great Britain and France are not concerned, because they already have a foothold on this continent, acquired before President Monroe adopted a British statesman's suggestion and embodied it in a Doctrine.



The Panama Canal will now be completed. The French company which originated it has already spent about \$400,000,000 upon it. To this company, or its creditors, the United States will pay \$40,000,000. To Colombia the United States pay \$10,000,000. The further expenditure required by the United States will be at least \$200,000,000. The total cost of the Canal will thus be over \$600,000,000. The United States, however, gets possession for \$250,000,000, the balance being lost by the French investor.

The Panama Canal will thus be the most expensive in the world. The Suez Canal cost only a bagatelle in comparison, viz.: \$100,000,000. The Welland Canal cost \$24,000,000, the Lachine Canal \$11,000,000; while the total cost of Canada's nineteen canals has been only a little more than \$80,000,000. Of course, the Panama Canal is not finished yet, and before it is, the figures may be larger than the estimate.



In the CANADIAN MAGAZINE for June, 1902, Captain Carstairs, a Canadian,



THE ROSE-WATER VOLCANO EXTINGUISHER

—The Brooklyn Eagle

outlined what Britain was doing in West Africa, especially in Nigeria, and described an expedition which pierced through the territory surrounding the rivers tributary to the Gulf of Guinea. Later in the year a further expedition was undertaken under Sir Frederick Lugard. This consisted of only 839 men, but arms, British discipline, British leadership and British prestige made this a very powerful force. It again pierced through Nigeria and beyond into the land occupied by the Hausas, a powerful Mahomedan people. The capital of this district was Sokoto, and this was captured and occupied by the British column. By the success of this expedition, Great Britain has completed the assertion of her authority over the five hundred thousand square miles of Nigeria and its teeming population, varying in estimate from twenty to thirty-six million. Few of Britain's "little wars" have been better planned or more smoothly conducted to a rapid and triumphant close. British administrators have a fair chance of developing to its full capacity another noble region, which



THE SCENE OF TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS

was first laid open by the unaided enterprise and indomitable energy of British merchants and explorers.



The accompanying map indicates the scene of trouble in the Balkans. Albania and Macedonia are Turkish Provinces in which the Sultan has attempted to institute some reforms at the bidding of Russia and Austria. The so-called Christians of these two Provinces are opposing the reforms because they do not believe the Sultan capable of permanently good intentions. They are stirred up by sympathetic emissaries of interested Governments, and seem to think that by revolting against the Sultan's power they will bring to themselves the aid of the great nations of Europe. Strange as it may appear, some of the Moslem tribesmen in the two countries are aiding the Christians, or at least making simultaneous attack upon the Turkish garrisons.

North of these two Provinces lie Bulgaria and Serbia, which are independent buffer States, whose existence is guaranteed by the European Concert. The people in Bulgaria and Serbia, having once been under Turkish rule, sympathize keenly with the people of Macedonia and Albania, and are inclined to extend them assistance. In the past this assistance has taken the form of affording refuge to all those who could flee from Albania and Macedonia, elude the Turkish soldiery, and cross the boundary into either of these two States. In addition, Bulgarian and Servian soldiers have kept the Turkish garrisons busy in order to prevent them paying as much attention as they otherwise might to the revolted tribesmen in Albania and Macedonia.

This is not so much a religious war as a struggle for freedom. The Albanians, though mostly Mahomedans, cherish aspirations towards complete independence. The Macedonians are mostly Christians, and they cherish



the same aspirations. Racial animosities and jealousies play a more important part. The Albanians, Greeks, Roumanians, Montenegrins, Servians and Bulgarians are all striving for influence and predominancy. The Servian will not give way to the Bulgarian, or the Bulgarian to the Greek. The Great Powers of Europe have fostered this racial animosity, while they have been not unwilling that the Sultan's territories should be still further divided. If the Great Powers were to decide that all these hostile communities should be welded into one coherent whole, this might be possible; but each Power has its secret hopes, and neither Russia nor Austria is willing to see union and confederation.

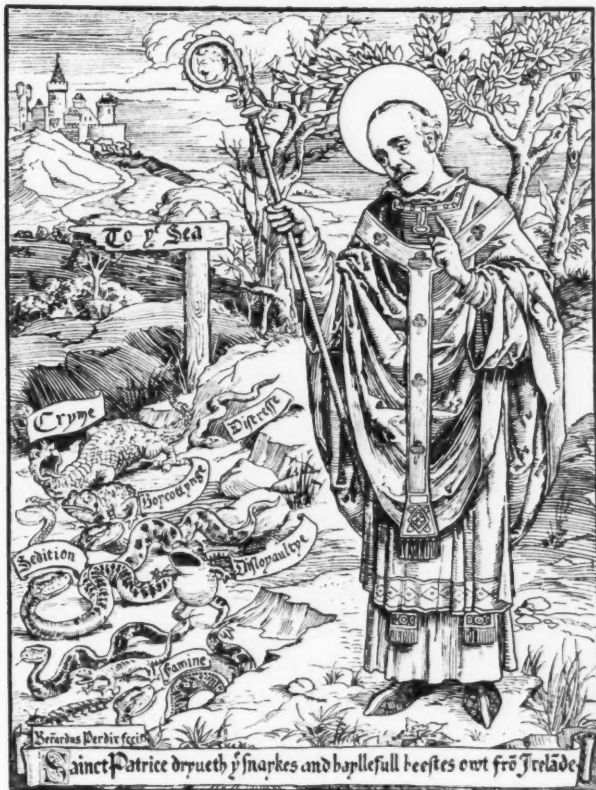
There will never be peace in the Balkans until these small nations do what Italy achieved forty years ago, and for that purpose a Cavour or a Garibaldi must arise.



King Edward spent the first year or two of his reign in establishing his dignity among his own people. Now he has turned his attention to foreign affairs. He has visited Lisbon, and has once again indicated the amicable relations long existing between Great Britain and Portugal. Still more important is the announcement that he

will visit Paris and President Loubet. For the first time an English monarch will recognize the French Republic.

It seems to be only the other day that Paris was heaping insults on Queen Victoria and her son. Now the heads of these two nations are to extend the hand of friendship to each other. What does this mean? Has France agreed to forget Fashoda and return to her historical friendship? And has Great Britain become disgusted with Emperor William, and resolved to join hands with Germany's most bitter enemy?



A DREAM OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY

*Punch*, in its issue of March 18th, pictures Premier Balfour as St. Patrick driving the snakes out of Ireland by the Land-Purchase Bill, of which Mr. Wyndham is the author. The snakes are Distress, Boycotting, Sedition, Disloyalty, Crime and Famine. Perhaps *Punch* is over-confident.

# WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By  
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

"O triune kingdom of the brave,  
O sea-girl island of the free,  
O Empire of the land and wave.  
Our hearts, our hands are all for thee.  
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand  
Round the flag of Fatherland."

FROM one's earliest childhood the month of May has always been associated in one's mind with that happy holiday "The Queen's Birthday"—the jolly "Twenty-fourth," with its fire-crackers by day and its little private pyrotechnic display in the garden by night, a happy, rollicking day, begun and ended with a lusty shouting of "God Save the Queen." It is not probable that the birthday of any other sovereign, commemorated on any other day, will ever be celebrated with the same spontaneity and joyful abandon that marked our cherished "Twenty-fourth."

And May is essentially the month of merry-making, the sweet, shy month that stands (to paraphrase our poet) with eager feet where spring and summer meet, the month of blossoms and blessed hopes "too fair to turn out false."

It was, indeed, a wise thought that prompted the powers that be to make that day, so long dear to us as "The Queen's Birthday," a statutory holiday, and to call it after her in whose honour we kept it—Victoria, who "wrought her people lasting good."

But this rich month brings us even more than Victoria Day, for the twenty-third as well as the twenty-fourth is

fraught with special meaning for us, and what could be more fitting than that the day which we devote to emphasizing our Imperial sympathies, should be the herald of the day sacred to the memory of her under whose sovereignty the modern broad Imperial spirit had its birth—in short, that Empire Day should directly precede Victoria Day?

In response to a request from the Editor of *Woman's Sphere*, Mrs. Fessenden, the originator of Empire Day, has contributed the following explanatory paragraph regarding it:

"The growing importance of this day as a great educational factor in the Imperial sentiment which now obtains in our schools is generally conceded. In the *Times*, England, of July, 1901, we have the replies to Lord Meath's letters of enquiry as to the desirability of such a day for the Empire. Colonial statesmen, Indian princes and their representatives all unite in declaring in favour of it. There appears to be some confusion of thought, however, as to its scope of work and date of keeping, which at this time it would be well to remove.

And first, Empire Day is *not* a holiday. The idea of its originator, as set forth to the public, was that it should be 'a gathering up of the patriotic fragments of the school year for a right loyal feast—a day when our history, past and present, might be enrolled with becoming dignity and ceremonial; a day when our national hymns and patriotic songs might be heard and our

hearts set a-glow with the recital of the heroism of the United Empire Loyalist fathers, and our sons live over in their boy-life the Homeric age of Canada.' This idea of a patriotic school-day was more fully and completely enlarged upon by the Hon. G. W. Ross, then Minister of Education, who from the first was most enthusiastically in its favour, as may be seen in his first circular sent to the Provincial School Inspectors after the resolution favouring such a day had been unanimously endorsed by the Dominion Teachers' Association in Halifax, August, 1898.

In the second place, Empire Day is not to be confounded with Victoria Day, which follows it and is a statutory holiday; rather it is children's day, their sweet, prelude notes ushering in the grand chorus of praise heard in the growing life of Empire through the wise administration of our late beloved sovereign Queen Victoria.

The past keeping of Empire Day has in it the promise of a time not far off when the sound of children's voices on that day, like the roll-beat of the drum, shall follow the sun of Britain's Empire round the world."

The Children's Branch of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire has issued an excellent Empire Day programme for use in schools and at May meetings of the children's chapters of the Order.

Not least among the many good works wrought for us by Lady Aberdeen during her sojourn in Canada was the founding in Ottawa of the May Court Club.

In 1898 Lady Aberdeen invited a number of the society girls of the Capital to attend a May Day Festival at Rideau Hall, and in a charming address she explained to them her idea of founding then and there the May Court Club of Ottawa, which should be patterned after Ruskin's famous May Day Society at Whitelands, England.

In the course of her remarks Lady Aberdeen said :

"It is impossible for any one to live for a few years in Ottawa without realizing the vast power which is wielded by the girls here. The influence of girls in any society must, of course, be always great, but here it is far greater, in a direct sense, than it is in any circle which I have known in the old country—greater also, I think, than in many other cities in this country—and it is an influence which must necessarily spread over the whole land.

It is impossible also to live here without admiring the pluck and energy and resourcefulness and brightness of the girls, and so one cannot help being filled with a great longing that they should realize to the full their powers, and what they can make them and what they can do with them."

The Club was formed that day, May 1st, 1898, and it would be vain to attempt to estimate how great has been its influence for good.

Each May Day sees the election of a new May queen (who is also the President of the Club for the ensuing year) and her counsellors, the members choosing for their queen one from amongst themselves whom they can "acknowledge as queen by virtue of her queenly ways, by virtue not merely of her beauty of face and form, but because of her beauty and stability of mind, and because of her power to lead in all that is lovely and true and pure and of good report."

Meetings of the Club are held fortnightly during the winter, the first half of the time being devoted to the discussion of current events, and the last half to the reading of a paper by one of the members, the subjects for papers being decided upon at the beginning of the year. This winter the Club has been considering famous women of the 19th century.

The Club has a library at St. Luke's Hospital, and each week books are given out to the patients. On Christmas Day flowers are given to each patient in all the hospitals of Ottawa; twice a month a concert is given at the Perley Home for Incurables, and each year a Christmas tree is given to the

inmates. The sewing committee does work for the hospitals, and recently a junior branch has been formed consisting of children who meet together every Monday afternoon to sew for children less fortunate than they.

The Club has an annual exhibition and sale of work in December, and during the winter three or more lectures are given under the Club's auspices. Any Ottawa girl may join the May Court Club, which already has over a hundred and fifty members. The aims and objects of the Club can be best understood from the "greeting" of the queen to her court, which, on a daintily printed card, is presented to every member of the Club, to be set up in a conspicuous place in her room.

It reads thus:

"The May Queen,  
To her Court and Counsellors, Greeting:

Whereas there be many who do desire to know by what Tokens our Subjects may be known, we would wish that all who appertain to our Court should show both by Act and Precept that they are striving towards the Ideal Woman, whose shadowy Presence hovers ever about Maidens whose Thoughts are pure and lofty. We would have you remember that no Woman can be really strong, gentle, pure and good without somebody being helped and comforted by the very Existence of that Goodness.

Therefore, let these be the Aims of our Court:

To store our minds with the best Thoughts of the best minds of all ages.

'Until the Habits of the Slave, the Sins of Emptiness, Gossip and Spite and Slander, die.'

To say nothing but what is kind of the absent.

To enlarge our Sympathies by Intercourse with those whose Lots are harder than our own.

To encourage, according to our opportunities, Movements which may tend to elevate, or to alleviate the Sufferings of Mankind.

So may we

'Join the choir invisible

Of those immortal Dead who live again  
In Minds made better by their Presence; live  
In Pulses stirred to Generosity,  
In Deeds of daring Rectitude, in Scorn  
For miserable Aims that end with Self.'"

The May Queen and President of the May Court Club during 1902-3, is Miss Millie White, whose photograph is reproduced in this department.

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A recent number of the Toronto *Daily Mail and Empire* contained a little editorial which should command attention from the Public School Boards and Inspectors of all our cities.

The disgraceful—one had almost written criminal—neglect of children's teeth by their parents and guardians is a subject upon which the writer has long felt strongly. One has heard so many heartrending stories of the agony endured by children of the "lower classes" from neglected teeth, agony to which the children's parents were entirely oblivious unless annoyed by the cries of the sufferer, when they so far roused themselves as to mete out dire punishment to the helpless throbbing of the peace. A working-girl is authority for the statement that the favourite and most effective method of treating diseased teeth amongst the people of her acquaintance is to thrust a red-hot knitting needle into the throbbing nerve; and she told of one case in which a little girl's father held her while her mother administered the treatment, saying she'd "soon stop that noise!" The child fainted before the operation was over, and during the struggle her mouth and throat were severely burned.

Unless one is brought face to face with such things, it is impossible to realize the ingenious forms of torture inflicted by their parents upon many of the children of the lower orders, cruelty for which it is almost impossible to get conviction and punishment. But if New York's example were followed in our cities, undoubtedly the suffering of many helpless children would be materially lessened.

I quote the following paragraphs from the editorial referred to:—

"For some years an agitation has been carried on in Toronto in favour of having dentists appointed to regularly inspect the teeth of children in the public schools.

"In many cities in the United States doc-

tors are employed to regularly inspect the children in the different schools.

"New York has now taken a further step. The inspecting physicians, who were under the direction of Dr. Lederle, of the Board of Health, sent home pupils who were not well enough to be in school, or who showed signs of disorders likely to be epidemic. The health of the schools greatly improved, but it was found that in the poorer districts the attendance dropped off, as many children on being sent home were not treated, but were kept away, and thus deprived of schooling. To meet this difficulty the experiment was tried of appointing two trained nurses to each school in the poorer districts to treat in the schools all minor disorders, and visit the homes of children requiring more serious attention, to instruct their mothers as to what should be done for them. The result of this was that in a few weeks nearly all the children who were away from school because of various disorders were back in their places. A dozen trained nurses are now employed looking after the pupils in about forty buildings."

"The proposal to have dental inspection of the school-children . . . if done in the interests of the children—not in the interests of the dentists—we think would be one of the highest services that could be rendered the rising generation."

A traveller in Siberia says that one of the most interesting things to be seen in that most interesting of countries is the Kamoulie Koloko or "bell with the ear torn off," of Tobolsk. It is kept in a kind of shed near the Archbishop's palace, and is held in high regard by the people of Tobolsk, for it has a very romantic history.

In the sixteenth century Prince Dimitri, the rightful heir to the Russian throne, was deposed by a revolt led by Boris Godunoff, who was then proclaimed Czar. The seat of Government was at Uglich, and there Dimitri was sent to be under the immediate control of the unlawful ruler. The usurper, fearing that the populace might awake to the claims of the young prince, planned his assassination, and he was one day stabbed in a courtyard. None of the bystanders showed a disposition to aid him, but a priest who saw the crime from the cathedral belfry immediately began tolling the



MISS NELLIE WHITE, MAY QUEEN AND PRESIDENT OF THE MAY COURT CLUB, OTTAWA, 1902-3

great bell which was held sacred and only rung on unusual occasions, such as the coronation or the death of a Czar.

Furious at this ingenious expression of reproach, the Czar commanded that the priest should be tortured and executed and the bell taken down and placed beside the body of its ringer.

The order was literally fulfilled, and the bell was beaten with clubs by the entire populace, with the Czar Boris at their head. But this was not all. In those pleasant days Siberian exiles were tortured before setting out on their journey by having their nostrils torn off with red-hot pinchers. The Czar further decreed that the bell should be exiled to Tobolsk, but as it had no nostrils, he commanded with a certain grim humour that one of its hangers should be removed to indicate its disgrace.

*M. MacL. H.*



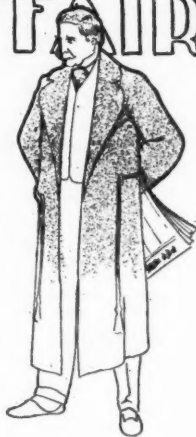
# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



THE budget speech which the Hon. W. S. Fielding delivered in the House of Commons on Thursday,

CANADA'S FISCAL POLICY. April 16th, was the most impressive ever

delivered in this country. This impressiveness was less due to the speaker, and the style of oratory, than to the matter which the speech contained. Mr. Fielding is not a great speaker. He is fluent, but has not an extensive vocabulary. He speaks distinctly and clearly, but his voice is



neither loud, resonant nor deep-keyed. Nor does his stature, like that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, add anything to his words, since he is both short and small of bulk.

Nor was the speech a finished essay. Mr. Fielding had collected a wide array of facts and statistics, and had prepared some valuable statements concerning the various parts of the Government's fiscal policy, but he had not welded these parts into an harmonious whole. There were abrupt pauses of considerable length as he passed from one part of his subject to another.

When Mr. Fielding arose to begin his address, he was greeted with the perfunctory applause of the Liberals who sat behind him, but the Opposition remained stolid and silent. He is respected rather than loved. Only when he announced the retaliatory measures against Germany did he win the applause of the Conservatives. Nor did he seem to desire general approval, since in some of his expressions and presentations he openly courted the criticism of his opponents.

And yet it was a great occasion. Both sides of the House were well filled; the Senators' gallery, the official gallery and the reporters' gallery contained an expectant, eager and intelligent audience; and every daily paper in

Canada was reserving columns of space for the important statements to be made. Even the cables were interested, for a Canadian Minister of the Crown was, for perhaps the first time, to breathe defiance against a European nation.

It was a great occasion, because it is seldom that a Canadian Finance Minister has been able to announce a surplus of revenue over current expenditure, and never before a surplus of \$13,350,000. If this surplus is realized when the Dominion's books are closed on June 30th, and it probably will be, all capital and current expenditure for the year will have been met and five millions of the public debt will have been wiped out. While making this satisfactory statement, and giving the full credit of it to the administration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Fielding did not forget to be fair; he paused long enough to declare that Ministers of Finance should not be expected, in young countries such as ours, to announce reductions of the public debt. He thus made easy the path of future Finance Ministers who may not live and work in such propitious periods of our history.

The note of defiance already referred to was a distinguishing feature. Germany has for five years refused to

make a new commercial treaty with Canada, therefore until such time as the German policy is changed, one-third more duty is to be collected on German goods than on the goods from any other nation. Because the United States Government is favouring United States purchasers of manilla, the Canadian manufacturers of binder-twine are to be favoured with a bounty which will equalize their conditions. The defiance extended even to Great Britain. Canada had granted a preference on British goods, and had asked a preference on Canadian food products going to the United Kingdom. If the latter is not granted, the preference given by Canada may be withdrawn. With regard to the United States, Mr. Fielding had little to say. Canada's attitude towards that country is so well known that further statement would be supererogation. "We do not feel the need of reciprocity as we once did," was his remark.

When Mr. Fielding began to discuss the general features of the Canadian tariff, his audience leaned forward and breathed less easily. He reiterated his declaration for moderation and stability of tariff, and proposed no changes of importance. The country is prosperous. The manufacturers have rights; so have the consumers, especially those new consumers now flocking in to build homes in the newer regions of the West. It was inadvisable to disturb the present prosperous conditions, or to increase the burdens of one class to lighten those of another. And the audience leaned back to think more respectfully and profoundly of a Finance Minister and a Government that have withstood allurements and blandishments and attempted to maintain the attitude which seemed to him and them to be fair, economic and statesmanlike.



Some of the people of Great Britain seem inclined to be narrow and selfish where emigration to Canada is concerned. Canada has laboured long and hard to induce the British authorities to direct the stream of emigrants

to Canada. The appeal met with no response. Lately we have gone to the people of Great Britain with school books, pamphlets, farmers and agents. We have told them of our natural wealth and the agricultural possibilities of our prairies. Now we are getting a few thousand emigrants. Then the authorities turn around and ask us what we intend to give in return. They want a contribution to the navy or some other form of monetary grant.

What did the United States pay Great Britain for her millions of Irish, Scotch and English? Did the United States contribute towards the maintenance of the British navy, did they contribute towards British naval stations on this continent, did they raise a regiment of soldiers during the Crimean war, did they send voyageurs to Egypt, did they contribute to the building of the Pacific cable and the Canadian-Australian steamship service, did they raise a regiment to garrison Halifax



LIEUT.-COL. E. G. PRIOR, WHO RECENTLY BECAME PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA AND IS NOW CONDUCTING HIS FIRST SESSION OF THE PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE.

when the British regulars were wanted elsewhere during the Boer war, did they contribute men to make up that grand Colonial army of 30,000 men who fought and bled in the Empire's struggle in South Africa, did they grant British-made goods a preference in their markets?

If these British emigrants had not come to Canada, they would have gone to the United States or Argentina or Russia where the investments of British capital are greater, comparatively speaking, than the British investments in Canada. They would, in all probability, have passed under an alien flag, gone to help build up an alien race. These critics should rather rejoice that these emigrants have been saved to the flag. Let them rather encourage more emigration to Canada, seeing that even in March, when all records were broken, Canada obtained only about 18 per cent.

When Canada's representatives gathered at Westminster, when colonials are given equal rights and privileges with the residents of London, when the governing of the Empire is done by the Empire, the demand for a Colonial monetary contribution will be just and fair; at present it is decidedly imprudent.

Will charity ever die? is a question which we may reasonably ask ourselves. The charity meant, of course, is that of giving of your surplus wealth to soothe your conscience, to establish your own or your family name in the minds of the people, or to alleviate the distress of your more unfortunate fellow-beings. Charity is not ideal, because the motive is not always single nor altruistic, and because it injures the dignity and self-respect of the recipient.

These thoughts were immediately suggested by the perusal of a paper on "The Rationale of Fire Insurance" in which the author, Mr. E. P. Heaton, of Montreal, points out that the old method of making up the loss occa-

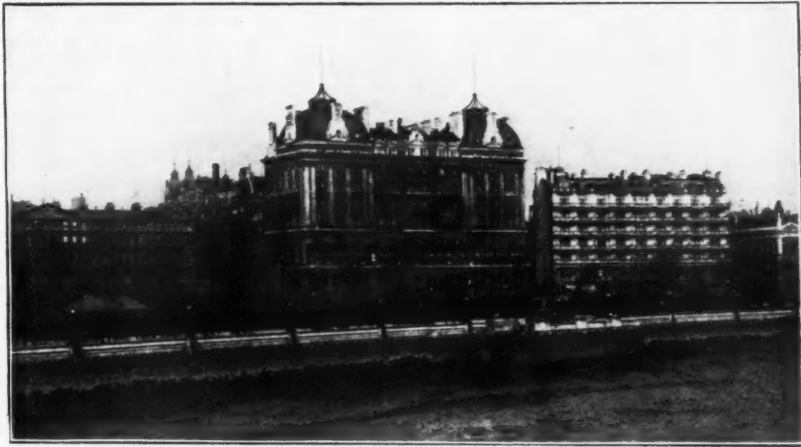
sioned by a fire was to "pass around the hat" for the benefit of the sufferers. This was the unorganized system. Then came the organizers, who condemned this doubtful and despised charity, and who substituted for it the great system of fire insurance. This modern plan of meeting honest suffering caused by a conflagration is commended on all sides, because it is sound, sure and certain, and above all, because the taking of insurance moneys involves no loss of self-respect or independence.

To some extent the life insurance, accident insurance and mutual benefit associations have attempted to introduce a similar system. The life insurance companies agree to pay to a man's heirs and assigns a sum of money which will counterbalance the loss they sustain in case of his untimely death. The accident insurance and mutual benefit associations pay a man a certain amount of money if he is physically incapacitated from work.

So far as these various organizations displace charity they are good. But why should not the nation enlarge their scope? Why should not the nation insure every honest citizen against want and misfortune? The answer comes quickly: "That would repress self-endeavour." Yet it is not clear that this answer is either just or sufficient.

A manufacturer builds a factory and establishes a great industry. In order to help him, the Government builds railways, bonuses his product and puts a customs duty on similar goods produced by a foreign competitor. The man whom the manufacturer employs is not guaranteed against loss. He may work for years at a wage which will not more than meet his expenses, and arrives at old age without a competence; but for him the Government shows little concern. Early in life he may lose an eye, an arm or a limb, and be permanently crippled; but the government does not insure its citizens against a possible dependence upon charity.

A child is born with some defect,



THE CECIL HOTEL, LONDON—WHERE THE HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON AND HIS ASSISTANTS ARE PREPARING CANADA'S CASE ON THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY QUESTION. IT OVERLOOKS THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

and may receive some benefit from the State in the advantages of an institution such as a school for the deaf and dumb. Why should not the State protect and support that deaf and dumb child so long as it lives? If the State bears any of the responsibility, why not all?

There seems little reason to doubt that in the near future the State will assume all these responsibilities. Men are born free and equal. Every man who needs assistance will get it, whether he needs that assistance all his life, as a child only, as a cripple only, or as a worn-out labourer in the field of industry. Cursed and soul-sapping charity will pass away, and the State will command every man, compel every man to love his neighbour as himself. The nation's motto will be Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

It is strange that this principle enunciated a hundred years ago in the French Revolution and the Declaration of Independence, has made so little progress on either of the two continents which took it up so exultingly. The individual still pursues the selfish end, endeavours to secure more than

his neighbour, and all but shuts his eyes to the suffering of those who are less successful or more unfortunate. Luxury and penury still flourish side by side among the shadows of the cathedrals, universities and legislative halls. Schiller cried "Equality is the firmest bond of love," "Equality is the holy law of humanity," but who thinks of Schiller in the presence of Rockefeller, Carnegie and Morgan? Who remembers the philosopher when the universities are casting down their royal ermine so that the despicable financial pirate may enter the halls of learning without soiling his heels with the mud of distress.

Charity must die. It is the cloak of too many crimes. It will die when the nation adapts commercial principles to the safeguarding of its citizens, when the needs and requirements of all classes are met from the common purse of all classes. Then there shall be no beggars on the street corners, no loafers in the saloons, no unfortunates perishing of cold or hunger, no fathers or mothers hiding themselves in their last days because of the ingratitude of their children.

*John A. Cooper*

# BOOK REVIEWS



## CHILDREN OF REVOLT

UP to the present the reading world has come to know Mrs. Humphry Ward as a writer of novels having in them an attempted elucidation of religious or economic problems. "Robert Elsmere" was the type of the first, "Marcella" of the second. "Lady Rose's Daughter,"\* her new novel, is more like "David Grieve," a study in heredity. It is also a frank picture of the life led by the aristocracy and ruling classes of Great Britain. It comes nearer being genuine fiction than the other books mentioned.

Lord Lackington might more truly be termed Lord Lackadaisical. His daughter, Lady Rose, marries a man who cannot hold her affections, and she goes abroad to live with a man whom she loves. The daughter of her revolt, Julie le Breton, comes back to London to live with a relative, to endeavour to regularize (this is the author's word) her position in society, and, if possible, to establish herself on the solid footing given only to those who are born under proper regulations. She had "a tall slenderness, combined with a remarkable physiognomy. She was not handsome. . . . The cheek bones were too evident, the chin and mouth too strong. And yet the fine pallor of the skin, the subtle black and white, in which, so to speak, the head and face were drawn, the life, the animation of the whole—these not

beauty, or more than beauty?" Julie excites attention at Lady Henry's famous Wednesday evenings, and attracts men. She begins to exercise her power, power to aid those in whom she is interested, power to reign in a social circle. A prospective Duke, young, well-bodied, promising, would lead her his way, but is denied. She sees behind his calm, polished exterior a revolt against the complexities and conventionalities of modern life as exemplified by those who have wealth and rank. He will avoid the Dukedom if he can. He hates the things which she most desires. On the other hand, Captain Warkworth is willing to barter all for social success, and she turns to him. He, she soon learns, is engaged to another, one more wealthy than she. There is only one way—that which her mother trod. Shall she take it even for a brief period? Shall she give him all for a few days, and live the rest of her days with the taste of ashes? It is a curious struggle. The religion which keeps guard over thoughts and words and acts, she defies it. The hopes and desires of her friends, the good name and influence of her family, she defies them. The love of the strong, good man, she defies it also—though in vain.

There can be little doubt that this novel is something out of the ordinary, that it again stamps Mrs. Ward as the greatest of modern female novelists. She is a superb dramatist, an acute psychologist, a profound philosopher and a master of delicate delineation. She is worthy to rank with Sir Walter

\*"Lady Rose's Daughter, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Sixteen full-page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Toronto: Poole-Stewart Co.



Scott, George Eliot, Charles Dickens and the other great novelists of the nineteenth century. She towers head and shoulders above the army of modern pigmies, whose cheap art runs into countless editions, for to live with her is to forget nearly all her contemporaries. In her earlier works she essayed the problem-novel which is not considered true art; her later books are an improvement in this respect and she is now taking her place among the writers to whom art is the greatest consideration.

in the face of great odds. From it few escape.

Ned Trent was a Free Trader and dared the grizzled factor at Conjuror's Post. Stewart Edward White describes his adventures, on which love of the factor's daughter places the halo of romance. The story is pathetic, noble, heroic. The novelist's style is his own, much like that of Agnes C. Laut who works in the same field. It is simpler, however, and much more powerful in its simplicity. Nor are his canvases like hers, studded with a concourse of

#### CONJUROR'S HOUSE\*

The current of civilization flows steadily, if slowly, northward. Yet in the country about Hudson Bay, the blood-red banner of the ancient Company still floats supreme. The Indians, the Métis, the *voyageurs*, still acknowledge its divine rights, observe its decrees and fight its battles. The Free Trader who pierces that region and mocks at the Company's authority meets stern opposition, and, if he is persistent, stern reprisal. The greatest punishment is *La Longue Traverse*, whereby the man is sent from the post with a few provisions and without a rifle, to make his way to civilization

\* Conjuror's House, by Stewart Edward White, author of "The Blazed Trail," etc. Toronto: the Copp, Clark Co.

FRONTISPIECE "LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER"



[See page 122]

"AS THOUGH SHE LISTENED STILL TO WORDS IN HER EARS"

vaguely seen jumping-jacks. The figures are clear, the perspective definite and well observed, the colouring vivid and strong. Mr. White deserves a wide Canadian audience for his truly Canadian novel.

#### THE SPENDERS

In one of the two leading cities of Canada there is a social set known as "The Turf Club Set," or some such name. It is composed both of elderly persons and youngish persons—mostly those who are new to social prominence, and not yet sure of their ranking. The older and richer families of the city avoid this set, its rampant gaiety, its noisy splendour and its wine-bibbing festivals. They are not anxious that their sons and daughters shall obtain a reputation for being excellent afternoon-drinkers of champagne. They realize that wealth and social position carries with them responsibilities as regards social customs, good living, moral elevation and civil responsibility. The newer set has little of this sense of importance, and swishes its silks and sips its wine with gay recklessness.

But Henry Leon Wilson, in his recent novel of American life, "The Spenders,"\* sees a broader cleavage in the national strata of the United States. He pictures the Makers and the Spenders—the Makers who are opening up new industries and new territory; the Spenders, who are aping European aristocracy, pursuing titles, and dissipating wealth with a lavish hand. There is a saying, common on this continent, that there are three generations between shirt-sleeves and shirt-sleeves, and Mr. Wilson describes the three typical generations. First, there is Uncle Peter Bines, prospector, living for years among the rocks of the West, finding a paying lode, amassing the first million for the family, but ever remaining the true Maker of Wealth. The second generation is Daniel J. Bines, strong, energetic, turning the

one million into ten, but making a few mistakes, the worst of which is a fondness for women who appeal to his senses. Then the third generation is Percival Bines, educated at Harvard, travelled in Europe, steeped in the luxuries of the East. The second generation passes away, the first pursues his investigations in the West, while the third goes to New York to play poker, drink wine, own automobiles and yachts, and gamble on Wall Street. Percival Bines desires to play the game of the Spender, and the old grandfather lets him play it to the end, which is bankruptcy. He loses the whole family fortune in buying stocks when the shrewd old man is selling short. From shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations.

It is a dramatic story, with living, breathing characters, each one distinct, clear-cut, typical. It is full of real humour, genuine pathos and wonderful moving pictures. The life at Newport, at the Waldorf-Astoria and on crowded Broadway are pictured with charming cleverness. It is the drama of American life—not a part of it, not a partial glimpse of it, but the whole drama. It is more serious than opera, and while in its intensity it approaches tragedy, it is only drama because in the end Percival Bines sees the folly of endeavouring to be numbered with the Spenders, seizes the woman who values him above his wealth, and goes West to take his proper place among the Makers.

The book is interesting to Canadians because we have many Makers and few Spenders. It has a lesson for us, however, because with the growth of wealth the class of Spenders is increasing—the class that saps its own life in the pursuit of vain pleasures, in "the illusion that to produce is of a baseness, that only to consume is noble"—to quote the words of the wise German philosopher.

#### NOTES

Prof. J. E. Le Rossignol has written a "History of Higher Education in

\* Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

Colorado." 67 pp. United States Bureau of Education, Washington.

A new story by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, entitled "Place and Power," will be published in August. William Briggs has secured the Canadian market.

Anyone interested in the game of politics as played in the United States, will find "The Sportsmen," by Elliott Flower, interesting. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

Maude E. Abbott, M.D., has written an exhaustive sketch of the Medical Faculty of McGill University from 1824 to the present time. It is a handsome volume, containing over 100 pages of text and several historical portraits and pictures.

Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart, familiarly known throughout Canada by his pen-name of "Pastor Felix," a Nova Scotian by birth, and a writer of verse and prose, has gathered together a volume of essays which he has given the pleasing title of "Memory and Bells," and which will be published in May.

Those who were charmed with the swiftly-moving scenes in "The Pride of Jennico" will be glad to examine "The Star Dreamer," by the same authors, Agnes and Egerton Castle. It will pass an idle hour, several idle hours in fact. The earnest reader may, however, safely pass it. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

Ernest Myrand, of Quebec, has issued an historical study in French, entitled "Frontenac et Les Amis." Among these friends were his wife, François Louis de Buade and his wife, De Montmort and his wife, Madame de Longueville and Madame de Lévis. Madame de Frontenac comes in for most attention.

William Briggs will shortly place on the market Canadian editions of "The Hebrew," a new story by J. A. Steuart; "Admiral Blake," a sea story, by Frank T. Bullen; "The Banner of Blue," by S. R. Crockett; "His Friend the Enemy," by Wm. Wallace Cook, and "Thyra Varrick," by Amelia E. Barr.

A new book by Max Pemberton, entitled "The Gold Wolf," will be pub-

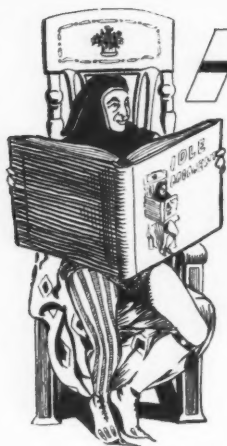


STEWART EDWARD WHITE, AUTHOR OF  
"CONJUROR'S HOUSE"

lished this month by the Copp, Clark Co. It will be one of the handsomest of the spring books and will be finely illustrated by Maurice Greifenhagen. They will also publish "Castle O'meragh," by F. Frankfort Moore, and "The Golden Kingdom," by Andrew Balfour, M.P.

An interesting work on the early history of Ottawa, from the pen of Mrs. Carr-Harris, of Kingston, will be published in May by Wm. Briggs. The author has embodied in her book, which she entitles "The White Chief of the Ottawa," a wealth of interesting incident relating to the life of the first settlers on the river. The White Chief, it is hardly necessary to say, is Mr. Philemon Wright, whom Morgan describes as "the father of colonization in the Ottawa valley." The picture given of the free, wild life of the *voyageurs* is picturesque in the extreme.

Gale & Polden, of London, England, who publish a splendid list of military handbooks, have recently issued some excellent works on physical education: "The Theory of Physical Education," revised edition, by Thomas Chesterton, illustrated, three shillings; "The Manual of Drill and Physical Exercises," revised edition, illustrated, three shillings, and "Wand Exercises," illustrated, one shilling. They make a specialty of this class of books in low-priced editions. They also issue the "Military Mail," a penny weekly of merit. (Address, 2 Queen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C.)



# IDLE MOMENTS

HOW HE GREW BALD

**S**TILL, it must be confessed that the press gallery misses Bourinot, writes the Ottawa correspondent of the

Toronto *Star*. His quick, nervous manner kept everybody on the alert. He had a habit, too, which was as curious as it was interesting. In pre-occupied moments Sir John would seize one of his own venerable hairs—one of the few back numbers that were left—curl it round his finger, and then with a sharp wrench pull it out, and cast it on the floor, where it showed white against the green background. One hair safely out, Sir John would tackle another. And so the process of depilation went on. It was the custom of the gallery to bet on the number he could pluck out, just as men gamble on the ship's run when they make the sea voyage. On a busy day forty hairs were not too great a sacrifice for Sir John's abstraction, and the neighbourhood of his high-backed chair looked as if a polar bear had been molting.

WHY IT WAS TALL

Major Edwards, of North Dakota, who has just been appointed Consul-General at Montreal, won a large share of his popularity by erecting in Fargo the tallest building west of Chicago. The true inwardness of its height, however, is known to few, and is best told in the words of one of the Major's chums, as follows :

When Edwards was putting up that building, and incidentally learning that to be the owner of a first-class newspaper did not necessarily mean to have a plethoric bank account, he used to come to me every Saturday night to swap cheques to pay off his men. Finally I got tired and said, "Major, I've had enough of your cheques. You've got that building high enough already. Why don't you roof it in?"

"I can't afford to put the roof on," said the Major. "You see, I have contracted to pay for the material when I get it roofed in."

"And the only wonder," adds the Major's chum, "is that the building is not going up still."

EXPENSIVE

It was a beautiful evening in the spring of 2001. The moon shone pale and transcendent in the clouds above, and as the two lovers sat close together, no sound was heard save the stealthy tread of the one spectator to their tryst.

The young man pressed the maiden to his heart, and turning her face to his, was about to kiss her, when she drew back.

"Darling," she asked anxiously, "What is the tax on kisses?"

"One dollar each," he observed grimly, "but I don't care if my salary is mortgaged up to next Christmas. I'm desperate for a kiss."

"Don't!" she said pleadingly. "The tax assessor is watching our every movement and is ready to chalk it down. You know, even now, it is costing you fifty cents an hour to be with me."

"I know it!" exclaimed her lover,

but, my darling, aside from our own cramped finances, you know the trusts must live. The head of the Lover's Trust is only worth eight trillions, and suppose we should go out of business! Why, his dividends might be cut down. No, no. Let us love, even if the tax is raised to a dollar an hour and there is no bread in the house. I must be true to my country's best interests."

"You are right," she said, yielding to his superior mind.

And as their lips met in a long, lingering dollar kiss, the registering machine, planted twenty feet back of them, clicked out its ominous sound, showing that John Jones, American citizen, had been docked for one kiss by the United States Amalgamated Lover's Trust.—*Life*.

#### REPARTEE

"My brother Jakey's got a good job."

"Where's he working?"

"Down to the electric light plant."

"Picking currents off the wires?"

"Yes. How did you guess? He says he likes the job; it's such light work."—*Selected*.

#### SHORT OF BAIT

Noah and Shem, taking their first walk from the stranded ark, came upon a beautiful little pool on Mount Ararat, in which some gorgeous trout were disporting themselves.

"What a splendid place to fish!" said Shem, delightedly.

"Bully!" acquiesced Noah, who had



SHE: I don't like you and I'll not invite you to my tea-party.

HE: Oh, but you'll have to because I am your brother and live in the same house.

SHE: Well, I'll not have my party until you are dead.

HE: But what if you should die first?

SHE: Oh, well, then I can have my party in Heaven.

lived on salt cod till he was tired of it; "but, dash it all, we've only got two worms!"—*Selected*.

#### EMPEROR WILLIAM'S BLOOD

When William II of Germany was younger, says *The National Review* (London), his nose once happened to bleed, to the great alarm of his suite. "Don't trouble, gentlemen," he cried; "it's only the last drop of English blood leaving my veins!"

#### YAWCOB AND HIS DOG

And Yawcob, observing his dog Schnitzel, spake unto him as follows: "You vas only a tog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit your bed in you shust durn round dree dimes and lay down. Ven I go mit my bed in, I haf to lock up der place und vind up der clock and pud der cat out and undress myselluf und my vrow vakes up and scolds, den der paby vakes up und cries und I haf to valk him mit der house around; den maybe ven I gets myselluf to bed it is dime to get up





A DEFINITION

"Now that ye are one of thim, tell me what a politician is."  
 "A politician is a feller that promises something that he can't do to get elected, and does something he promised not to do to hold his job."—*Life*.

vonce more again. Ven you gets up mit your bed you shust stretch yourselluf, dig your neck a leedle und you vas up. I haf to light der fire und put on der kittle, scrap some mit my vife alretty and git myselluf breakfast. You blay mit der day all round und haf plenties of fun. I haf to vork all der day round und haf plenties of drubble. Ven you die you vas dead. Ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."—*Boompernickel Blatter*.

## 1953. A RETROSPECT

[*The Outlook* recently published a letter dealing with the present "remarkable move Canadawards," and dwelling on the prospects open to emigrants in the Saskatchewan valley.]

Long since in far Saskatchewan  
 (I humbly trust that word will scan)  
 There lived an enterprising man.

He used to dwell with some dexterity  
 Upon the region's great prosperity,  
 And much of what he said was verity.

He stated that this Eldorado—  
 He used the word without  
 bravado—  
 Knew neither tempest nor tornado.

There was no deadly secret  
 wire  
 To rouse the gentle Nimrod's  
 ire,  
 And leave him sprawling in the  
 mire.

Alas, that things should thus  
 befall!  
 Sportsmen and farmers heard  
 his call,  
 And emigrated one and all;

And now our rural districts  
 are a  
 Sort of a desert like Sahara,  
 And empty as the Halls of  
 Tara.

Therefore I do not like the  
 plan  
 Of that far too seductive man  
 Who dwelt in fair Saskatchewan.

—*Punch*.

A friend once wrote to Mark Twain asking his opinion on a certain matter, and received no reply. He waited a few days, and then wrote again. His second letter was also ignored. Finally, he sent a third note, inclosing a sheet of paper and a two-cent stamp. By return of post he received a postcard on which was the following: "Paper and stamp received. Please send envelope."—*Argonaut*.

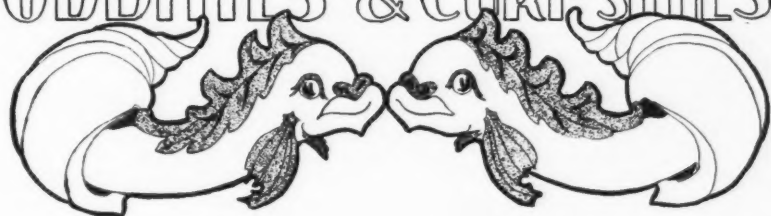
He was cutting an item from a newspaper. "It tells how a house was robbed, and I want to show it to my wife," he explained.

"What good will that do?" a friend inquired.

"A whole lot," was the reply; "you see, this house was robbed while the man was at church with his wife."

"Say!" exclaimed the friend, excitedly, "you haven't got a duplicate of that paper, have you?"—*Chicago Post*.

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



## A RICH INDIAN

**WAHSETCHUNAIZE**, whose portrait appears herewith, is a full-blood Assiniboine Indian, about twenty-eight years old, living on White Bear Reserve in the Moose Mountains, which contain many delightful lakes that are fast becoming the rendezvous of summer excursionists. Abounding, as they do, with many kinds of fish, and the district being well supplied with many varieties of game, the Moose Mountain district is particularly attractive to the noble red man as well as to his white brother.

Wahsetchunaize, while enjoying in true Indian fashion all these sports, is also a successful agriculturist and possesses about 75 head of cattle, about 50 horses and raises a large amount of wheat each year. His interest in agriculture, as well as that of his tribe, is largely the result of the efforts of the Indian agent at that point, Mr. W. Murison.

This picture, of which nearly a thousand copies have been sold, was the first Indian's taken in the Moose Mountain district, and is the work of E. A. Dahlquist, of Arcola, N.W.T., which is one of the busiest towns in the Canadian Northwest and the centre of disembarkation of all tourists taking in the magnificent summer resorts of the Moose Mountains.

## SCOTT'S CHAIR

Perhaps nothing is of more interest to lovers of the past than its relics—its real, substantial relics—

treasures that can be seen with the natural eye, and not with that of the imagination only.

The mahogany armchair, a cut of which appears herewith, was once the property of Sir Walter Scott. It was brought from "Abbotsford" by his nephew Colonel Huxley, after the death of Sir Walter in 1832. Colonel Huxley dying soon after, the chair was bought by the late Judge Sawers, of Halifax, N.S. The judge's niece, Miss Margaret Nixon, left her birth-



WAHSETCHUNAIZE

place, Edinburgh, Scotland, in the year 1827, going to London, where she stayed until 1831, when she joined her uncle at Halifax, N.S., remaining with him up to the time of her marriage in 1848 with William Howe, Q.C., late registrar of the Court of Probate at that city, and nephew of the late Hon. Joseph Howe. On the decease of the old judge in 1869, the chair came into the possession of the said Mrs. Howe, and is still held by her. It is in excellent condition.

Sir Walter's writing-desk was formerly attached to one of its arms, and the space which the screw occupied is still visible.

#### SNAPSHOTS OF BIRDS

To get a picture of a living bird at close range is not an easy task. One way is to make a tree-trunk of cheesecloth, stretched over hoops and up-rights. Paint the cloth a bark brown and fasten strips of bark here and

there. Festoon branches of wild vine at the top and sides. Make a hole in the cheesecloth for the bull's eye of the camera. Carry this quietly through the forest and set it down near the nest. Then wait. It takes much patience.

Some photographs so obtained give the beholder a shock, for they reveal secrets of animate nature that had been thought to be inviolate. To see a wild and timid little bird standing over her helpless fledglings, they with their mouths enormously wide open, she with a worm in her bill, and then to see the mother put her bill into one of those wide-open mouths, to see her help the fledglings to masticate and swallow the worm—that is a sight that few men have ever beheld.

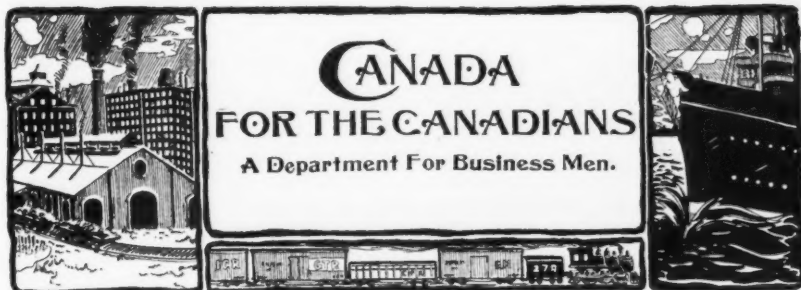
Sometimes the photographer will take his pictures from within an artificial cow. The cow is portable. It is composed of thin muslin stretched over a light framework of split bamboo. The muslin is painted a cow colour, and here and there in it are holes for the lens to peer through.

Many a time in the country the farmer has seen the photographer advance with his portable cow on his shoulder, and, following curiously, has beheld the young man set up the animal in a field and get inside it. From it he can study the most intimate secrets of bird life. The little creatures, perched only two or three feet away from him, will conduct themselves as though he was not there, and thus, pointing his camera from one of the port-holes in the side of the cow, he is able to get phenomenal pictures.

Sometimes, again, the photographer hides himself in an umbrella. He hangs from the rib-points of an open umbrella a circular veil of some thin, dark muslin that covers him completely, and inside this he stalks through the woods looking for birds.



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CHAIR—NOW IN HALIFAX, N.S.



THE joke of the session at Ottawa is the vote by which the House of Commons declared that the manufacture and sale of cigarettes should be absolutely prohibited. Afterwards, when Mr. Fielding, in his Budget speech, spoke of the increase of the revenue from cigarettes (1901, \$362,626; 1902, \$400,035) the House broke into laughter. This is a notable characteristic of the House; it smiles when it is acting foolishly and when it votes for political or moral effect rather than for the vindication of an earnestly-held principle. The cigarette and "Home Rule for Ireland" resolutions are examples of actions of which the House is modestly ashamed.

Canada's revenue for 1901-2 was about \$58,000,000. The estimated revenue for 1902-3 is \$65,000,000, an increase of about \$7,000,000.

This is an index of our growing foreign trade, and of our growth in population. It may or may not be satisfactory. To the free-trader who does not care whether goods are manufactured in the United States, Great Britain or Germany, so long as Canadians get them cheaply, this growth in foreign trade will not be displeasing. To the protectionist who desires to see domestic manufactures more and more monopolize this market so that our industrial development may be contemporaneous with and equal to our agricultural and commercial development, it may not be so pleasant.

Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance, inclines to the first view, judging by his Budget speech. He spoke of "the unexampled prosperity of the country" and found, in this growth of revenue and growth of foreign trade, special reasons for rejoicing. On the other hand, Mr. Borden, leader of the Opposition, inclines to an attitude of dubiousness. He declared in his criticism of the Budget, that increased imports might accompany prosperity, but they did not necessarily indicate increased prosperity. He laid stress on what he considered to be the importance of the home market, and that the tariff should be revised to increase, if possible, that home market.

The two views are widely divergent, and each policy has its followers. While not attempting to decide between them, one may be allowed to perhaps express the opinion that Mr. Fielding's reasons for delaying tariff revision for another year at least are deserving of consideration. There is a possibility, a bare possibility, that some trade arrangement may be made with the United States, and that preferential treatment of our wheat may be granted by Great Britain. If either one or both of these events happen during the next twelve months, there will be some necessary adjustment of our tariff. The country is prosperous, the manufacturers are making great headway, therefore the adjustment can wait on the development of our international

relations. If the Joint High Commission does not meet again, or if it meets without result, Mr. Fielding will hardly be able to resist successfully the agitation for a higher protection against United States manufactures. If Great Britain grants our wheat preferential treatment, there can be no reason for raising our tariff on British goods, and there may be some reason for extending the free list so as to admit more British goods. The waiting policy is not, therefore, an unreasonable one at the present moment.

The following are the tariff resolutions introduced by Mr. Fielding in his Budget speech on April 16th:

"That the following sections be added to the Customs tariff, 1897: The Governor-in-Council may, by Order-in-Council, direct that a duty of seven dollars per ton shall be imposed in schedule A on all iron and steel railway bars, or rails in any form for railways, imported into Canada, and from and after the publication of such order in the *Canada Gazette* such duties shall be levied, collected and paid on all such rails, and thereafter item 238 in schedule A and item 585 in schedule B shall be repealed. Provided, however, that such order shall not be passed until the Governor-in-Council is satisfied that steel rails of the best quality, suitable for the use of Canadian railways, are being manufactured in Canada, from steel made in Canada, in sufficient quantity to meet the ordinary requirements of the market."

"Articles which are the growth, produce or manufacture of any foreign country, which treats imports from Canada less favourably than those from other countries, may be subject to a surtax over and above the duties of schedule A, such surtax in every case to be one-third of the duty as fixed by such schedule A. Such surtax shall apply to any article the chief

value of which was produced in such foreign country, although it may have been improved or advanced in value by the labour of another country, notwithstanding the provisions of the British preferential tariff and regulations thereunder. Any question arising as to any foreign country or goods coming under the operation of this section shall be decided by the Minister of Customs, whose decision shall be final. The Minister of Customs, with the approval of the Governor-in-Council, may make regulations for carrying out the purposes of this section. Such surtax shall not apply to any goods actually purchased on or before the 16th day of April, 1903, by any corporation, firm or persons in Canada, for immediate transportation to Canada.

"That the period of exemption from duty of machinery of every kind, and structural iron and steel for use in the construction and equipment of factories for the manufacture of sugar from beetroot, be extended to the 30th day of June, 1904.

"That item 409, in schedule A, respecting duty on ships and other vessels built in foreign countries, and applying for Canadian register, be repealed.

"That machinery and appliances of a kind not made in Canada, for exclusive use in alluvial gold mining, be added to the free list until 30th June, 1904."

The influx of immigrants has been up to expectations. Arrivals at Winnipeg number about a thousand a day. Everything points to an increase of 100,000 in Canada's Western population during 1903. Canadian manufacturers must look energetically after this increased Western trade. This is the hour of their golden opportunity.

In Eastern Canada every factory and workshop is working full or over time. Every mechanic is employed. Never was the country more prosperous.







FROM A PICTURE BY FRED MORGAN

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# WILD ROSES